

FETTER'S SOUTHERN MAGAZINE.

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No. 10.

IN REVERY.

ONE memory persuades me when
Dusk's lonely star burns overhead,
To take the gray path through the glen—
That finds the forest pool, made red
With sunset—and forget again,
Forget that she is dead.

Once more to look long in the spring,
That on one rock a finger white
Of foam that beckons still doth bring ;—
Some moon-wan spirit of the night
That dwells among its murmuring,
Her life the sad moonlight.

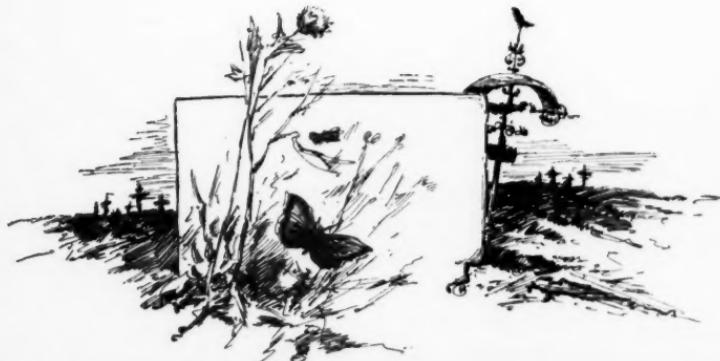
To see the red dusk touch it here
With fire like a blade of blood ;
One star's reflection, white and clear
As some wood-blossom's fallen bud ;
While all my grief stands very near,
Pale in the solitude.

And it shall be before the moon
 Hangs—silver as a twisted horn
 Blown out of elfland, sweet with tune,
 White in white clusters of the thorn—
 That in the water, over soon,
 An image shall be born :

That has her throat of frost ; her lips,
 Her lips where God's anointment lies ;
 Her eyes, wherfrom love's arrow-tips
 Break like the starlight of dark skies ;
 Her hair, a hazel heap that slips ;
 Her throat and hair and eyes.

And I shall stoop ; the water kissed,
 The face fades from me into air ;
 Down in the wrinkled amethyst
 My own face sad as old despair ;
 Then—night and mist, and in the mist
 One dead leaf fallen there.

Madison Cawein.



A GLIMPSE OF "THE WHITE CITY."

"**W**HY should anybody want to write about the Columbian Exposition?" asks Criticus; "the public is surfeited with World's Fair descriptions."

This is quite true, but there is something else equally true, and that is that tomes might be written concerning the subject which, in one sense, is inexhaustible.

Then much depends on the point of view from which a thing is seen. An ant, an elephant, a giraffe, and a mole may see precisely the same object, but it will look differently to each one. So the Columbian has been written up by persons of every grade and hue of thought. It has been treated scientifically, philosophically, hygienically, poetically, artistically,



TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

anthropologically, moralizingly and many other ways that will probably occur to the reader. Therefore very small harm will come to the public if an humble scribe should make a modest pen-sketch of his own impressions in regard to the great spectacular affair that is now engaging the world's attention.

If the writer reaches Chicago on a sleeping car, his morning thoughts are not of the World's Fair, nor of the great city in which it is held. These subjects are eclipsed by the magnificence of the Pullman car porter. This personage is great at any time and in any place, but when he arrives in Chicago he is ineffably immense. The humble passenger experiences much veneration and awe for him at the beginning of the journey. He recognizes him as a superior being who is to be propitiated

by the gift of tribute—money and respectful demeanor. He feels a sense of his own deep unworthiness when he sees this personage making the passengers' beds, and would apologize if he dare.—But this feeling is a mere surface emotion when compared to his state of mind on the following morning when the porter is on his native heath, as it were. As soon as the train reaches Chicago an air of impenetrable dignity, of freezing reserve, of magnificent superiority envelops him as with a mantle. It seems an act of audacity to approach him with a request. And the climax of the improbable is reached when he condescends to accept the insignificant twenty-five cents of the meek traveler and carry his bag through the gates into the station. As he (*i. e.*, the meek traveler) walks behind he is covered with confusion to observe how shabby is the bag, and he is painfully conscious of the incongruity between it and the magnificence of the porterial manner.

While the foreign tourist is doing the Exposition, and viewing the wonders of great Chicago, he should not fail to observe one of these awe-inspiring representatives of the great Mr. Pullman.

But once outside the gates, the visitor forgets his own discomfiture.

What is it about this great city that lays hold of one as though a spell were wrought? Lazy people grow industrious in Chicago. A desire comes over one to rise early in the morning and keep going all day. Langor and malaria are things of the past. There is a mental ozone in the atmosphere that stiffens a man's backbone, makes his arms tingle with nervous energy and fires his soul with a resolve to "get there" or perish trying. People may speak disparagingly of the Chicago climate, find fault with the mud of the winter, the dust of the summer, and the all-the-year-round wind, but they can never deny the impalpable, intangible something always present in Chicago air that puts a man on his mettle and makes him do his best.

Everybody knows that the great Exposition is situated in Jackson Park. This and Washington are the south parks. They are connected by a drive called the Midway Plaisance, which has been in days of yore nothing but a mere road, but under the supervision of the World's Fair commissioners has undergone a great transformation. It now appears as the *Street of Nations*, somewhat after the manner of the one at the Paris Exposition in 1889. The Plaisance lies between Forty-ninth and Sixtieth streets and is nearly one mile and a half in length.

Taking a car to the park, the visitor wonders where all the people came from who are on the same train. Every seat is

filled, and there are many standing up with cross and discontented looks upon their faces. Arriving at the Exposition one finds the entrance guarded by a Columbian soldier, who takes the fifty-cent admission fee with a grace and agility born of much practice. Once inside the grounds there are two things that become apparent. One is the magnitude of the whole affair, and the other is the wind.

Buildings on the right, buildings on the left, buildings in front, with magnificent distances to be traversed before reaching them! What are they all for, anyway, and who will ever be able to learn to distinguish their uses and preserve sanity? The knees grow weak, the heart fails. It is no use trying to see anything or know anything amidst such an embarrassment of riches. A strong desire comes over the helpless victim to run



FISHERIES BUILDING.

away and never try to write a word. And it is now that the wind gets in its work.

This lake wind has a peculiar manner of its own. It lurks around the corners of buildings and pretends it isn't there, while the unsuspecting pedestrian walks unconsciously toward its hiding place. Then it rushes out with a demoniacal, "Hi! yi!" that is positively blood-curdling. It tilts the hat over the eyes, and, if the wearer is a woman, tears off any feathers that may be garnishing her chapeau and carries them away, at the same time reducing the owner to a wreck as far as general appearance is concerned. It is a bitter, biting wind, that penetrates to the very marrow of one's bones. But it has a tonic effect, and after two or three stiff wrestles with it, the number and the magnitude of the Exposition buildings become less oppressive. Beside, groups of people are met who have evidently been over the

grounds and are coming out who are still sane, and in some instances even hilarious. The spirits rise on seeing these persons.

"They have survived the ordeal, there is hope for me," murmurs the observer, as he (or she) gathers what remnants of clothing about him (or her) that the wind has left and goes on cheerfully, if not gayly.

Right here let the writer sound a note of warning to any one who wishes to see the grounds and yet preserve sanity and a Christian spirit: *Never go there with a person who knows all about everything.* He will pour a gentle patter of words in the ears like this: "Nearly \$4,000,000 had been already spent on the south parks by the city and yet the commissioners of the World's Fair have put on another \$1,000,000 in the way of improvements."

Well, one does not mind that so much, but when the person proceeds to tell about the different buildings, their dimensions, cost, the time required for completion, for what or for whom they are intended the listener becomes bewildered and is finally reduced to a state of almost complete idiocy. That would not so much matter, either, if the person were not so aggravating through it all. After wandering around the grounds for half a day, becoming more and more involved in the tangled labyrinth of ignorance, one fetches up before an edifice that immediately strikes the enfeebled mind of the observer.

"Ah! there is a building that is certainly unique. I would like to know what it is. Would you mind telling me something about it?"

Then the well-informed person slays one with a glance and the words that accompany it:

"That is the Transportation Building, and I showed it to you and told you all about it not an hour ago. Have you no memory whatever?"

There is no use saying anything after that, though a brief, lurid gleam of anger rises for a moment on the horizon of the remnant of mind left one. But another building or two quenches this gleam as well as the last glimmer of reason left and the listener becomes a mere receptacle of figures, without will or volition.

But in time the mental vision clears, the chaotic, kaleidoscopic effect goes away, and distinct buildings and objects are remembered.

Foremost among them is the Administration Building, in one sense, the most important structure on the grounds. It is a sort of vestibule to the Exposition, for those visitors who come

in by the way of the Railway Terminal Station. It has an immense rotunda one hundred and twenty feet in diameter with a dome surmounting it that is two hundred and seventy feet high. This dome is gilded or covered with burnished metal, and for richness of decorative effects is unequalled by anything of like character in the world. The interior is paneled, these panels being filled with bas-reliefs and painted representations of the arts and sciences.

The building itself consists of four pavilions, each one of them being sixty-five feet in height and are in Doric style.



WOMAN'S BUILDING.

There are four entrances, one on each side of the building, and they are over fifty-feet in height and deeply recessed and beautifully ornamented. Above the entrance doors are immense glass screens.

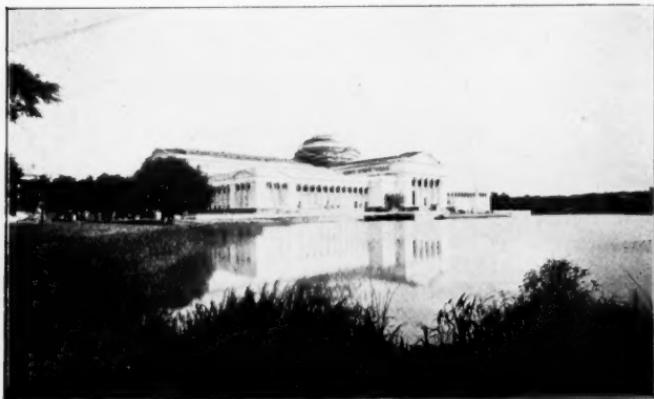
There is a loggia thirty feet square that connects each pavilion with the rotunda. The whole interior is rich with stained glass, wood carving, statuary, mosaics, pictures, and elaborate

hangings, making a sum total of beauty that will delight an artistic eye.

The design of the building is the French Renaissance and was made by Richard M. Hunt, of New York, who is president of the Board of Architects.

There has been an attempt to find fault with the amount of money lavished on this structure, but it is claimed that none has been spent for mere show, but that it has all gone for beauty. In this case, no one need complain.

The sculpture on this building exceeds the others on the grounds in point of profusion, and the designing of the figures and panels was done by Mr. Karl Bitter, of New York. He was born in Vienna in 1867, and has only been a resident of



LIBERAL ARTS.

America for three years. He has shown good taste in selecting American models for his statuary on this World's Fair edifice.

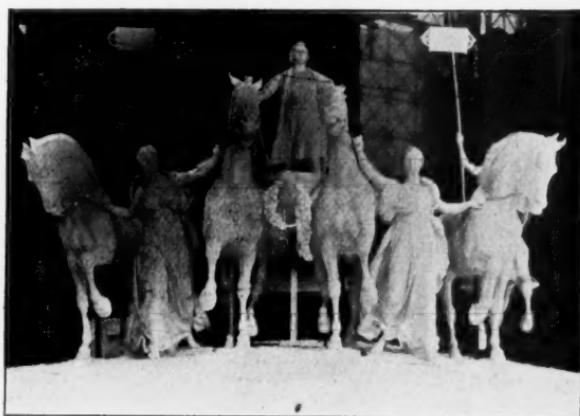
The Transportation Building will be one of the most notable objects for sightseers because of its great golden door, as well as the novel coloring of the building itself. The design is Romanesque, following interiorally the idea of a Roman basilica, having a nave and a broad aisle.

The outside is in polychrome, which being interpreted means it is of many colors. The ornamental designs are most complicated and are done in many different shades of color, that intermingling one with another in most exquisite harmony.

This mode of treatment was a favorite one of the Egyptians and was used in Greece to color statuary, and in Japan to-day

many of the magnificent temples are seen that show this same method of treatment.

But of course the scheme in color finds the climax in the door. This entrance is one massive single arch, most elaborately ornamented with carvings and bas-reliefs. It is over seventy feet in height and one hundred feet wide, and the delicate designs that cover the entire surface have been incrusted with gold-leaf and has colors in small quantities worked in between the designs. There are over one hundred and fifty decorative forms used on this portal. Over the doorways and in the panels, on either hand, are bas-reliefs. The panel over the central doorway represents "the apotheosis of transportation suggested by the world floating in the ether of space, surmounted



QUADRIGA.

by the genii of transportation." The helmeted figure on the facade is meant for a representation of the locomotive.

Inside is an exhibit of every means of transportation known.

The Fisheries Building is probably the most picturesquely beautiful one on the grounds, the designs of the decorations being all aquatic, either of fish or marine growths.

The Forestry Building is very pleasing, though quite simple. A veranda encircles the structure, the columns of which are trunks of trees nearly thirty feet in height. The different States and Territories and some foreign countries contributed each a tree, and these columns have been placed without disturbing the bark. The roof is thatched with bark; the main entrance is

finished in woods, while the sides of the building are made of slabs.

Before the south entrance of the Electrical Building will stand the famous statue of Benjamin Franklin by Carl Rohl Smith. This artist is a native of Denmark, and was for a long time under the tutelage of Albert Wolff, at Berlin. His statue of "Ajax" that was so famous in Paris was destroyed by fire in the burning of the National Gallery of Denmark, at Copenhagen. Mr. Rohl Smith was a resident of Louisville, Kentucky, for some time.

A very convenient way of speaking of the different State buildings would be to say "they are too numerous to mention." And, in fact, it would be tiresome and unnecessary to go into details concerning them; some of them are notable for novelty, or picturesque effects. That of California is modeled after the early mission style and has a roof garden filled with tropical palms and vines.

The Illinois Building is the largest. The Idaho is rustic in design and decorated by the women of the State. Washington has a headquarters that resembles a house and wind-mill in Holland, though the effect is very good. Virginia has erected a building that is an exact representation of Washington's home at Mount Vernon. It is furnished throughout in old time style, will have old Virginia negroes for attendants, and will be presided over by a Virginia matron.

The buildings for foreign nations are situated in the northeast portion of the Fair grounds.

Among the most notable things that visitors should see beside the regular exhibit is the La Rabida Convent that is an exact representation of the convent that sheltered Columbus when he was obliged to flee from his enemies. This monastery is in the vicinity of the Forestry Building.

A very pretty bit is the Wooded Island, that lies in a lagoon in the central part of the Fair grounds. It contains sixteen acres of ground and has on the southern point a rose garden that will rival that one of the famous Vale of Cashmere for it is said it will contain thousands of varieties of roses. On this island there is an exact representation of a Japanese temple, surrounded by a genuine native garden, with a tea house within its borders *a la* Japanese. The native attendants will be dressed in costume. Every detail will be quite correct, because it will be all done under the supervision of the Japanese Government.

Probably Midway Plaisance will attract as much attention as anything about the Exposition grounds. On both sides of this boulevard are villages that reproduce historic spots, the homes



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

of different nationalities, and are inhabited by natives of all climes. The place will be, as some one calls it, "an unclassified aggregation of many races and the union of the antipodes." There are German and Austrian villages; a Dutch settlement; an Irish lace-making village; a Japanese bazar; a Turkish village, modeled after a street in old Stamboul, and a street in Cairo, and many other representations. Fancy the babble and confusion of so many strange tongues and the sight of different national costumes, many of them bright with Oriental coloring. It will be a vast panorama of the world.

On this same Plaisance is the immense Ferris Wheel, two hundred and fifty feet in diameter. Cars are hung on the outside of this wheel similar to those used in elevators, and passengers will enter the cars and make the dizzy circuit, giving them a bird's eye view of the grounds.

The MacMonnies fountain, the Peristyle, surmounted by the wonderful group of statuary known as the *quadriga* of Columbus, deserve more mention than is possible to give them. These are all on the shores of the Grand Basin. The fountain will be illuminated by electricity. Opposite this fountain is the majestic figure of the "Republic," which is sixty feet in height.

The Peristyle is a structure connecting the Casino and Music Hall, and consists of forty-eight columns that are sixty feet high. This columnar promenade is one thousand feet in length, and is surmounted by the *quadriga* or four-horse chariot, driven by a female figure representing Victory, and dedicated to Columbus.

The Peristyle gives on the lake, and just outside in the waters of the lake will be a fleet of gondolas.

On a summer afternoon, when the winds are soft and the blue waters gleam between the white columns it will not require a great stretch of fancy to dream that —

" My soul to-day,
Is far away.
Sailing on Vesuvian Bay;
No more, no more,
The worldly shore,
Upbraids me with its loud uproar;
With dreamful eyes,
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise."

Angela Crippen.

CHANGED.

I stand 'neath the gleam of the grand chandelier,
Alone 'mid the mirth that the spacious hall fills,
The dancers are gay, but the music I hear
Is not the glad strain that ripples and thrills
Through the throng ; 'tis an understrain low,
And tender and soft, and I dreamily go,
Lured by a whisper, plaintive and slow,
Back to a love that my heart used to know.

I stand by the river's grass-grown brim,
Where the fern fronds dip in the gleaming pool,
And the tall reeds bathe their ankles slim,
Where the sycamores cast their shadows cool,
The locust flowers heavy with perfumed dew,
The bees that loiter their sweetness to woo,
The white clouds that soften the heaven's bright blue,
Is the frame that I see, and the picture is you.

Together we watch the waters fall,
A crystal tide o'er the mossy stones,
And we hear the mock-bird's joyous call,
From the tree above, and the whispering tones
Of the wind that has come through the flower-set dell,
Where it stole a note from a lily bell,
Soft as the mystic sounds that swell
From the lute-strung heart of Israfel.

Faint grows the strain, and your dark eyes gleam
With a light that I knew in the days gone by,
When the shimmering sunlight leaped from the stream,
Amid the gold of your hair to lie ;



I STAND BY THE RIVER'S GRASS-GROWN BRIM.

Then the dream grows fairer, and side by side,
We stand by the altar, lover and bride ;
And so we loved, till the tempter Pride
Whispered of power, and then love died.

I stand 'neath the gleam of the grand chandelier,
Alone, but no strain is apart for me,
You, in your beauty, are sitting near,
A queen in your realm of revelry ;
While the gay hours into the long years sweep,
Like sunbeams where the waters leap,
And die in the dark where the shadows creep,
And the vision fades that I fain would keep.

Cora Chase Walsh.



A STATUE'S TRAGEDY.

AN EPISODE IN ONE ACT.

SCENE I.—*The work-room of RAFAELO.* The stage is divided in the center by a curtain, running from right to left, made to part in the middle and draw to either side. That part in front of the curtain serves as a kind of ante-room to that behind, which is furnished as a work room, with tools and materials. The curtain is closed at the opening of the scene, discovering only the ante-room.

Enter PAOLO, followed by POPE LEO X., MICHAEL ANGELO, CARDINAL, COUNT VILLANI, and others.

Pao. (entering). He is not here.

Ange. Even as you foretold.

Pao. Yet, Messers, he must soon be back, to sleep.

Leo. To sleep by day?

Ange. Even so, your Holiness;

For all night long he works—so says his man—
And otherwise he had not made such progress.
Paolo, watch the entrance; if he comes
We must not be discovered—let us hence
By the rear entrance. We have bought your aid—
Nay, 'tis an honest bribe—and so we trust you.

Exit PAOLO, bowing.

Card. (laughing).

The fellow likes the term—an honest bribe!

Ange. (pointedly).

Then he may live yet to be Cardinal.

(*The others laugh.*)

But to our task. Your Holiness, as judges
In the awarding of your bounteous prize
For the best figure sculptured out of stone,
I have been bold to bring you here to see
A marvel; and if my one judgment weighs
In one accord with yours, to see the work
Which over-reaches all we yet have seen

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Parties are warned against producing same on the stage without the consent of the Author, who can be addressed care of this Magazine.

And passed on in this competition ; one
Which well will win and well deserve the prize.

Leo. Messer Angelo, we are connoisseurs,
And lovers, each, of beauty, whose advancement
In every art and science of our lives
Is still our aim.

Ange. (*smiling*). Yes, even Count Villani,
No artist, traveled far for beauty's sake
And, says report, in secret knows her best.

Vil. (*significantly, at the same time affecting lightness*).
From one so old in judgment, and in years,
The compliment may pass as welcome ; yet
'Tis dangerous still to follow rumor's wake—
Most dangerous when into other's business.

Leo. Come, there is no offense—save that she's hid,
And being hid loose tongues perforce will wag.
Let us behold this marvel ; and although
Its maker has not sought the prize, not even
Has heretofore been known a sculptor, yet
We will so far amend the rules that he,
Without his knowledge, be competitor
And share a chance of winning.

Ange. Here it is.
Examine well and note.

(*He draws the curtain apart to either side, discovering a statue of a nude Venus, in marble, standing on a low pedestal. They gather around it, VILLANI being nearest the front.*)

Vil. (*aside*). Do I see rightly ?
My wife ?—in marble—thus ? By all the saints—

Leo. The workmanship is good.

Card. Nay, excellent !

Vil. (*to ANGELO*). And you discovered it ?

Ange. Purely by chance.
I overheard this Paolo hotly
Descanting on its merits to a crowd
Of laughing, jeering and discrediting
Art students ; who declared his master wrought
Nothing but plaster images from casts,
Nor had the head or hand for more. I knew
Of Rafaelo the image-maker ; yet
So earnest was Paolo to declare
That he was more, my interest was aroused,
And seeking opportunity, I bought—
An honest bribe, good Cardinal—his aid

To credit with my eyes his proud assertion.
 When then I did behold this statue
 And saw its bold, excelling worth, I plotted
 The scheme which even now I carry out,
 To add a greater value to his work,
 Both for himself and for the world at large,
 By gaining for him, all unsought, the prize.
 And by your looks I think I have not failed.

Leo. 'Tis exquisite in feature and in shape.

Card. If but his model is but half so wrought
 In flesh and blood, 'twere half of Paradise
 To—live within the presence of her loveliness.

Vil. (aside).

This is too much ! My wife has sat for him—
 Yes, by hell's self I'll swear't—in secret, too,
 The worse ! She, whom for every fear of this
 I had locked up from out temptation's sight !
 Curses upon the day I came to Rome ;
 On her, the serpent beauty that ensnared me.
 But I shall learn the truth, and then—

Leo. (beside the statue, interrupting). Truly
 My judgment wavers unto this.

Card. And mine.

The more I feast my eyes the less of doubt
 They see. None we have seen can equal this.

Ange. And Count Villani ?

Vil. (aside). Better to dissemble.

(Aloud). I think with you, it is a masterpiece,
 A masterpiece indeed ! *(Aside.)* Of hell's designing !

Ange. Pause yet in judgment ; be not overquick ;
 Let us again see those we've passed in view,
 And keeping this in mind, yet quell all doubt
 By giving its full benefit to them.

(Enters PAOLO.)

Pao. My master comes.

Ange. Well timed ; nor soon, nor late.
 Conduct us hence, and keep our secret still.

Leo. When next we come we wish your master present.

Ange. And you, too ; for to you he must give thanks.

(Exit PAOLO, followed by the rest.

Vil. (aside, as he goes out following the rest).

Yes, bloody thanks, or else I lose my reason.

(After a short pause enters RAFAELO. He goes up to the statue, gazing at it in admiration for a few moments before speaking.)

Raf. (aside). Am I not mad to love thee so? Alas! Alas, I am! I am—yet, true to madness, I find my dearest, sweetest consolation In my infirmity itself, and only Sharp misery when it leaves me, and I see The hard cold fact of marble and of truth, And feel my conscience tremble as with sin. Would that Pygmalion's magic hand were mine, And my last stroke had broke thy frozen sleep, And given thee all trembling flesh and blood Into my arms! Yet you do live—another's; And I it is who have transformed you back Into dead marble, whose mute coldness kills me.

(Sinks into seat, still gazing on the statue.)

Thus as I gaze, can ever gaze on thee, How my heart pains to envy him whose life Drinks in and grows upon the heaving beauty Whom thou art fashioned like and yet art not. So do we give our best loved fancies form To find them death-like copies in the end, Void of all love, and yet with power to pain. Twill drive me mad—if I am not mad now!

(Scene closes.)

SCENE II.—*A room in COUNT VILLANI'S house. The time immediately following the last scene.*

(Enter VILLANI and ASPASIA.)

Vil. Do you deny it?

Asp. By all the saints, I do.

Vil. Woman, woman! I would believe you honest; Yet there is Eastern blood flows through your veins, And Greek-Egyptian, I have oft been told, Are quick to love and—lies.

Asp. Indeed my lord, I speak the truth. I know no man in Rome Save you and my confessor, whom you chose. And stranger as I am, and knowing you, I had no wish to know another.

Vil. Truly
Your tongue is sweetly coated.
Asp. 'Tis with truth.
Vil. I'll test its truth. Listen ; there's one Rafaelo,
Well known in Rome as a poor image maker ;
And yet—no matter how—I just have seen
Within his room, a marble, life-sized Venus,
A very counterpart of you in all—
Feature and limb and all !

Asp. Of me ? No, no !
Vil. But I say, yes, yes ! No, your lie won't down !
You have played model to him.

Asp. Gracious heaven !
Vil. His puppet to I know not what ; and all
Despite my care—thou masterpiece of slyness !
Come, come ; confess and claim a guerdon for
Thy shrewdness ! O, all Rome will revel soon,
In envious wonder, gazing on thy charms,
Till with their brazen longings thou grow famous,
Even as thy namesake old Aspasia !

Asp. No !
Thy accusation's false ! Tell me 'tis false ;
Or that you only seek to test my patience.

Vil. Thou fool to think it ! Am I used to play ?
No, by the cross, I speak but bitter truth,
In bitter earnest, too ! Earnest as blood :
For blood shall flow from this ere I am through.

Asp. (recoiling.) Blood ?
Vil. I said blood. You will not own the truth ?
Then I will seek it elsewhere ; where I know
It is, though I should need to prick it thence
With my sword's point. Then—then when he was told,
Perhaps your stale deception will be dropped,
And you, too, will confess. Till then, sweet rest ;
For after then—perhaps hell's fire !

(*Exit VILLANI.* ASPASIA remains, shocked, bewildered, unable to collect herself.)

Asp. (after a pause). Great heaven !
He can not mean it ? Has he not gone mad ?
Rafaelo ? no I never heard the name,
Far less did ever see him ! Sit his model ?
And for a Venus ? He himself did see it ?
Why then it must be true—no, 'tis not true !
Impossible ; or else I have no mind,

Nor memory, and know not my own doings—
Blood ! he said blood should flow ! What shall I do ?
'Tis Rafaelo he seeks, to find the truth ;
And who is Rafaelo ? He may invent
Some lie to shield himself and murder me.
No, not that ; for I never sat for him,
And it is not my likeness he has wrought,
But 'tis the count has been deceived ; or else,
The count conspires some harm to him, to me !
If he's deceived, how may I undeceive him ?
If he is bent on harm, how can I thwart him,
And save Rafaelo and myself, both guiltless ?

(*Exit ASPASIA, and the scene draws off, discovering*)

SCENE III.—*Same as scene first. RAFAELO discovered asleep on a lounge in the rear of the stage. Time—immediately following the last scene.*

Enter COUNT VILLANI.

VIL. (*at the door*).
The door was open and inviting, and
I have not met a soul. Yes, he is here,
And sleeping, as his man declared he would—
Shall I not wake him with a stab ? 'Twere well
To seal his sin's confession with his blood,
And so confirm its truth ; for dying men
Lie not—the fear of death crams them with truth !
It needs but little forethought for the act,
For my blood boils when I but look on that,
And him, and think of her and the black questions
That dance infernally like devils through my brain,
Making it chaos and a hell in one.
Had he been paid to carve her so, his hand
Could not have wrought that delicate perfection
Which stolen meetings and sweet secrecy
Hath given it power for ! Yes, I must learn all.
I'll wake him—

(*Suddenly stooping, startled, listens.*)
Ha ! footsteps ? nearing this way ?
They pause before the entrance ! Let me hide ;
Here—I care not to be discovered thus,

Alone within his chamber and he sleeping.

(*He screens himself from view within the fold of the curtain, at the side of the stage, cautiously peeping throughout the following. Enter ASPASIA, veiled and disguised as a woman of the lower orders.*)

Asp. (at the door).

How my heart flutters as 'twould fly from here,
And yet I must go on.

(*She unveils.*)

Vil. (peeping, aside).

By all the devils,
My wife—disguised ! She comes to save him ! Well,
Patience, and I will see as well as hear ;
So shall they whet me for their punishment.

Asp. Yet, now that I am here, I now do fear.
I was all bold at thought of saving him
From unjust anger and perhaps from death,
But now—how shall I meet him ? how complain ?
Mad jealousy has driven me to this ;
But justice and my innocence must nerve
Me on ; it is too late to falter now—
There is no sound ? Then—then he is not here ?

(*Then catching sight of the statue.*)

The statue—gracious Heaven ! is it true ?
Is there no spell of magic on my eyes ?
Is't not the imagination of my fears,
And the count's story, makes me see resemblance
Where there is none ? Oh, how can I believe it ?
It is indeed a likeness of myself !
The count spoke truly. O, too true, too true !

Vil. (as before, as she stands gazing on the statue).
Will she not wake him ?—patience grows a torment !
She stands gazing upon her marble self
As though she were herself transformed to stone,
In speechless pride and admiration ! Pah !
I can not wait much longer.

(*Throughout this scene the speeches of both COUNT VILLANI
and ASPASIA are not overheard by either.*)

Asp. (suddenly seeing RAFAELO, shrinks back).
Ha !—he is here !—Dead ?—has the count been here ?
Am I too late ?

(*She covers her face with her hand in horror at the thought of his
being dead.*)

If he is dead, the count
Has killed—has murdered him !—and then—and then
The count would be accused of murder. Yes,

The statue with my face alone might bear
 Accusing and condemning evidence ;
 Might even—No ! let me not think on it !
 He called me Greek-Egyptian ; Greek I am,
 And though a woman, I have a soul as steeled
 To face God's meed as any man who breathes !

(*Then as she approaches RAFAELO*)

There is no blood ?—he breathes !—he is not dead !
 Thank Heaven !—my heart warms back to life again,
 And all the icy chillness of my veins
 Thaws to its joyous glow !

Vil. (as before).

She stands beside him ;
 Now will she wake him ?

Asp. (after a pause). He is sleeping—sleeping,
 Unconscious all of the death-dealing web
 That fate is weaving round him—O kind sleep,
 Within whose world, invisible unto
 Our waking eyes, we live another life,
 Alike of hopes and fears, of joy and woe—
 May his dreams now be of some coming harm,
 To nerve his spirit with resistance, that
 Awaking with a warning, full of strength
 In need, he may stand firm against the danger.
 He stirs ; (*retreating*) is waking ! Best not to be seen
 At first ; when he is full awake I—Ha !

(*She has retreated towards the side where the count is, and as she reaches him, he shows himself and, with finger to lip and drawn dagger, commands silence.*)

Vil. (sotto voce).

Silence!—no word, no sound, as you prize life !

Asp. (Startled, completely taken by surprise, as he grasps her arm and forces her in front of the curtain, towards the side, and out of range of RAFAELO's sight, sinks on the floor beside him and covers her face with her hands.)

Vil. (continuing).

You did not wake him with a kiss ; a shame !
 He wakes without it now ; perhaps anon,
 Your kisses even would not wake him ! Patience,
 And we shall see.

Raf. (awake, sitting up). Was it indeed a dream ?
 A nothing all, and yet so seeming real
 That, in bewilderment, belief and doubt
 Are one, and my own senses are benumbed.

Vil. (who with ASPASIA, throughout, hears RAFAELO's speech, which is that of one who has acquired the habit of thinking aloud.)

The fool, like all his kind, thinks with his tongue.
 So, so, my lady, we will let him talk,
 A while at least, before we interrupt him.
 He will tell something doubtless interesting.

(ASPAZIA seems about to rise and speak, but he again commands silence by gesture.)

Raf. (who has paused as if troubled in mind).
 Real indeed it was not, could not be ;
 And as a dream ?—Oh ! marble, beautiful
 With beauty not thine own, whose warmlike grace
 Lends all but life divine to thy dead form,
 Till gazing on thee gives illusion birth
 And breaks thy mute repose with fancied life !
 Can it be possible that thou shouldst work
 A curse on her whose likeness thou dost wear ?
 So in my dream it seemed ! and I did hear
 The angry voice of him—the blest of men,
 Whom she calls husband—taunt her with a shame,
 And threaten her with disgrace and even death,
 Because thy beauty laid hers bare to view,
 And filled the world with envious admiration !
 And so it might be ! For there are some men
 Whose imp of jealousy can make them fools,
 And very brutes, upon less weighty cause ;
 For here there is in truth a seeming cause.
 Fool that I was—nor think, nor dream of it !
 The shallow-hearted world would ne'er believe,
 Even if it could guess, the mystery
 Of thy conception and thy marble birth.
 All life to it is only sensuous,
 And love, another name for passion only !
 How came I thus to carve thee ?—It is plain
 The world would say, as sculptors always do
 When they perform a likeness from a copy,
 From an original who sat for him !
 And lie though it would be I could not kill it.
 Not even she denying on her oath
 Would be believed ; and we would both be charged
 With secret meetings, and,—and who knows what ?
 I tremble but to think it ! Then—then
 Her husband would have right for anger, right
 For more !—It must not be ! It must not be !

Vil. (who, with ASPAZIA has been listening with increasing surprise and wonder, apart to ASPAZIA inquiringly.)

Aspasia ?

Asp. (looks at him steadfast, lovingly, silent).

Raf. (continuing,—addressing the statue).

When first I saw your beauty, 'twas by chance ;
It knelt beside me at the Mass, and like
The revelation of a new-born sense
Quickened my soul with new delight, to wipe
All things before deemed beauteous from my past,
Replacing them with thine ! Still grew its spell
Compelling, till I won another sight,
At the same place, and then again—and more ;
Until at last its image rose constant
Before my eyes, and I did grow to love
The phantom which filled up such hours of joy.
'Twas then, nature's great law, that love creates,
Found once again its never failing force
In thee ; and as each day the shapeless stone
Took form and feature, I marked not the wonder
That my hand, erst a stranger to such work,
Wrought with the boldness of a master's touch ;
Marked not the wonder, that each outline, curve,
Shape, indentation, flesh-like hill or vale,
Fell each into its true allotment as
In life, without the aid of any model,
Saying the living memory in my brain
Of the unknowing, absent one ;—marked not,
Most fatally of all ! how day by day
Thy marble beauty and the life of her
Whom thou art but a copy of, became
Unconsciously as one unto my thought,
Till losing each in each, I lost myself
In a sweet dream of earthly paradise,
From which I now must fall—banished by conscience !
—I can not love thee for thy borrowed beauty,
And strive to pass as stranger unto her
From whom thou hast it ! can not, dare not try :
For there might spring such complications thence,
Of truth and falsehood, even in honest minds,
As could encloud us both in doubts ;—such doubts
As are the world's sure preludes to damnation !
Rather than that, I'll wipe out thy existence !
Thou who art but a myth of my own life—
Without a past or future—soulless, dead—
And save her past, her future, free from stain !

*(Quickly snatching up a sledge, he deals the statue a succession of blows,
knocking it from its pedestal, and breaking its head and features. He does*

this so quickly that VILLANI and ASPASIA, taken by surprise, could not prevent him, had they so desired.)

Vil. (comprehending RAFAELO's act—apart).
Can it be possible?—Aspasia?—Come!

Forgive—(lifts her up and embraces and kisses her).

Asp. (interrupting, apart).
To love and forgive are one
With woman—I, alas, am but a woman.

Raf. 'Tis done—the sleepless nights, the dream-fraught days.
The hours of happy toil, whose minutes sped
Too fleetly, they have vanished all, nor left
Aught but this fruitless, ruined trace behind.

Vil. (apart.) Shall we not speak to him?
Asp. (apart). No, no; not now!

I could not now, nor might he thank us for 't.
He still is deeply moved; let us steal hence,
And of our presence here this day leave him
Forever ignorant.

Vil. (as before). Perhaps 'twere best.
Yet I would know him—learn to know him well,
Whose honest manhood hath put mine to shame,
Leading me to the brink of my own sin
Only to save me from destruction. Come!

Raf. (continuing).
My heart is lighter now. Fool that I was
To set against this mute, insensate stone,
The purity, the happiness, the life
Of her whose image gave my marble shape,
Though 'twere to give unto the world a form
Fairer than Helen's, or Egypt's fickle queen's,
And crown myself at once with fame! (*Sits.*)
Fool that I was!

Exeunt COUNT VILLANI and ASPASIA. *Voices off approaching.*

Pao. (without). I know my master's here,
Because he has not left since he came in.

Raf. (rising). Paolo's voice? and others?—coming hither!

Pao. (entering). He is here.

Enter LEO, MICHAEL ANGELO, CARDINAL and others,
as in Scene First.

Raf. (surprised, apart).
Michael Angelo—the Pope!
What can this mean? (*Stands bewildered, silent.*)

Ange. (*seeing and pointing to the statue*).
Broken? Who hath done that?

Raf. (*suddenly realizing that the statue has been seen, apart*).
Have they then seen the statue?—recognized it?
Great God, is this thy lesson? that our good deeds
Can not obliterate nor thwart our ill!

Ange. Wilt please your Holiness to bid him answer?
There he stands whose hand wrought the masterpiece
That won and was to wear your prize.

Raf. (*wonderingly, apart*). Prize—prize?

Ange. (*continuing*).
That lies now broken, lost in shapeless ruin.

Leo. Answer, who broke the statue?

Raf. (*anxiously*). Wait, wait, wait!
First, answer me; how came ye to behold
The statue?—'tis my right to know.

Leo. (*to MICHAEL ANGELO*). 'Tis, truly.

Ange. By gaining entrance to your chamber here,
With the assistance of your man; whose pride
Over your work prompted and gave me aid,
That so, even without your knowledge, it
Should be competitor for the Pope's prize—
Which it did fairly win and well deserve.

Leo. On the united judgment of us all.

Card. Unanimous!—but one thing could surpass it!
The model whom you wrought from! Show us her
And I for one transfer my vote to her.

Raf. You did not recognize the face?

Card. Not one;

Though 'twas our wish, and we did strive.

Raf. (*incredulous*). Indeed?

Leo. (*smiling*). In truth.

Raf. (*laughing*).

I thought as much! I thought as much!

Ange. (*severely*).

That matters not! your answer to the question,
You have forgotten.

Raf. I—I broke the statue!

All. You?

Raf. Yes! because its likeness was a botch!
Your judgments all are wrong! all—all are wrong!
Award your prize to something more deserving—
And to a man who merits more than I.
Pray you, farewell. (*Sinks into seat.*)

Leo. The man is mad.

Card. Stark mad !

Ange. Only as genius is akin to madness.
He will do better work hereafter, who,
With his own hand, destroys his present fruit,
For the defects which none but he can see—
Even though they be but imagined ones.
Let us be patient, and await the future.

(*Exeunt LEO, MICHAEL ANGELO, CARDINAL, PAOLO and the others.*)

Raf. (alone, to a piece of the statue's face, which he has picked up and been gazing on).
Thank God, thank God, they did not recognize thee !

[CURTAIN].

Espy W. H. Williams.

MORNING GLORIES.

SLIGHT-STEMMED bowls, purple, pink and white,
Dew-filled from beaded urns of Night—
Morn's servitors before her place—
No goblets of more dainty grace.

While thrushes sing, Morn, radiant, sips
From thy cool rims ; but burning lips
Of thirsty hordes from noonday skies
Scarce touch thee ere thy beauty dies.

Ingram Crockett.

POETIC ART IN HOMER'S TIME.

WE nineteenth century people are noted for our conceit. We think we have formed a correct judgment about the past, and we have thus sealed up many an error and set it aside as a preserved truth.

We pride ourselves on our appreciation and think that if the great worthies of the past but lived in our day they would be honored as they deserve. In this we are mistaken. Shakespeare was applauded by royalty, made a fortune out of the popular love for his dramas, and was worshiped "on this side of idolatry" by Ben Jonson and other worshipful gentlemen who knew what poetry was, as no man living knows. Yet the popular idea is that his times felt not his power and knew not his beauty. We picture to ourselves a noisy, muddy crowd of Londoners, who laughed and applauded, drank beer and lolled about in the Globe Theater, while a new drama by this immortal was being acted for the first time, and then, like heavy-brained cattle, went back to their homes and shops, to their wine and ale, their beef and mutton. By no means is this a correct impression. Rather should we picture an eager audience of heroes and poets whose very pulse beat in unison with the stages of the play, who knew a character-sketch better than we know a painted picture, who caught, with ready responsiveness, metaphors, similes, repartees, allusion and rhythm; or let us think of him at St. James', surrounded by attendant maids and noble gentlemen and, "the Faery Queen," Elizabeth, who, with jeweled hands, applauds the play as an "amusement and solace," fit for a queen. After the play is over, she asks to talk with her immortal bard, expresses her appreciation and asks him to continue in another play dear old John Falstaff and to "represent him, next time, in love." This is but a feeble idea of the great dramatic age of Elizabeth, of which Shakespeare was "the soul, the delight, the wonder."

And what is the popular idea of Homer? A vague, indefinite impression that he was the "father of poetry," a great bard who fell upon evil days; unappreciated because in advance of his times; who sang, like a seer or soothsayer, by a kind of abnormal genius and inspiration, without rule or art. We picture to ourselves the fierce pagan kings and warriors who, filled with meat and wine, stretched themselves on tawny lion-skins and listened while the blind old bard was led into the hall and sang of Achilles' wrath and the battles in far-off Troy.

land ; and that a rude bed and crust was given him, while on the morrow he wandered out over the hills and through the vales of Greece, without a companion spirit within four hundred years of him. This is one of our candied, popular errors. We might as well expect the tallest of Norway's pines or a California red-wood to grow in the salt-scorched sands of the sea-coast as the Homeric poems to have been composed and recited by a freak of nature to barbarous ears in an artless age. No such statue of such heroic proportions can rest on a cloud base ; it must have the solid granite of artistic culture and poetic environment beneath and around it. To correct this error and give a reasonable trend to our opinion of the Homeric poems is the object of this article. It is not written to instruct the scholar, but to aid those who have a laudable interest in our first great poet-prince and who have not the time to study the question from the standpoint of the schools.

As the first standpoint from which to view correctly the Homeric poems we would lay down the proposition that Homer, like Shakespeare, was the product of an age, but not for an age. Such sweet and wonderful poems must have had a perfect poetic environment. Such repose and simplicity, such passionate sympathy, could be only breathed forth among people given up to music and a quick perception of beautiful forms. Such richness of incident, such might and splendor in war, could only have been caught up as echoes from a real life. Such stormy human passions, such immortal youth, could only have been bodied forth among nations still drunk on the Eden-dews of their childhood. And so we find it to be upon an examination of the records. The Iliad and Odyssey mark the climax of a poetical epoch in the world's life. The elements and genius of this growth began in the gray day-dawn of antiquity when the parent-race of the Greeks, the Latins and the Teutons dwelt on the table-lands of Asia ; for before the wandering tribes separated and obeyed the divine impulse of destiny they had among them the *bard* and the *priest* who sang the *song* and *hymn*. This is shown by these words being the same in the different tongues. And when we get down to Homer, the very air is laden with legends and songs. There resounds all through the Iliad and Odyssey the rich echoes of Theban, Thessalian and Argive legends. They are not the dry chronicler's work, but they glow with the illumination of poesy. They did not come to Homer as the heavy, unhewn granite, but already richly carved by artists' hands for their place in his temple of art. But even before the days of legendary and bard-songs, the spontaneous, irrepressible poetic life and spirit

of the Greeks had doubtless had its sweetest dreams and tenderest melodies. Instead of their gods creating the Greeks, the Greeks created their gods and demi-gods. The enchanting veil of poesy was flung over the jagged sides of Mt. Olympus and, in the white heat of poetic visions, the Thunderer's form arose and was given the throne of power and dominion. The soulless ball of fire was hammered into a golden chariot that Apollo guided "thro' the silent spaces of the sky." In the purple goblet the invisible rapture of a god was infused, and the prosy babbling of a brook sang itself into the rippling laugh of a naiad. In short, in the words of Schiller :

"Nature, then, ennobled, elevated,
To the heart of human love was pressed;
All things to the vision consecrated,
All things, then, a God confessed!"

The poetic spirit alone possessed the consecrated vision.

After peopling their blue waters and radiant sky, their sequestered vales and crystal springs, their piny mountains and vine-wreathed hills with "the fair humanities of old religion," the poets of Greece went further still and imagined for themselves a company of divine patrons, whom they worshiped in the thick woods at the base of Mount Olympus, under the name of the muses.

The frequent reference to the inspiring-patrons proves the existence of the inspired proteges. But have we not abundant traditions of these early and wonderful poets? There is Orpheus, wrapped in mythical darkness, it is true, but with strong probability that some rare poet's form cast the great shadow. His home was near the Pierian fountain at the foot of Olympus. Is it a foolish imagination to think that he, the wonderful singer, as he sat in the shadow of the great mountain, might have peopled it with the immortal gods his ancestors brought from Asia? The tradition has it that he was a son of the queen muse, Calliope. Could the son have exalted, through poetic dreams, his own mother to the station of a queen muse? His grave was at Dion, where the nightingales loved to nest and where they sang more sweetly and tenderly than at other places. After his death, an "Orphean Brotherhood" arose, a band of poets and musicians, who cultivated their art, and, by certain rules of living, sought to refine their souls.

It was his pupil and his pupil's son who founded the Eleusinian mysteries, which are a kind of Freemasonry that taught, among other things, the immortality of the soul. Then there is Thamyros, the Thracian, whom, "according to Homer," the muses met and made an end of his singing as he was faring from

Oichalia, from Eurytos, the Oichalian; for he averred, with boasting, that he would conquer, even did the muses themselves sing against him, the daughters of ægis-bearing Zeus; but they, in their anger, maimed him; moreover, they took from him the high gift of song, and made him to forget his harping. And there is Linos, the sweet complainer; and Olen, the inventor of Homer's heroic measure. These were doubtless men, or the shadowy remembrances of men, who formed the very language of Greece into smooth-sounding syllables, none of them harsher than a lute note, and accustomed the people to poetic thought and speech. These poets antedated Homer and made all the islands and cities, the rivers and mountains of Greece teem with legends of fabulous founders and heroic adventures. How much of their wealth is laid up in his treasure-house will never be known. However this may be, it appears quite clear that many years before Homer, how many we can not say, the bard and bard-song had become a part of the Greek life. Like the old *jongleurs* or minstrels of the Middle Ages who went from castle to castle and sang their songs to the lords and ladies to the accompaniment of the violin, so the bards of Greece went among the courts and camps, into the halls of princes and to the feasts of the great cities, and "sang the praises of heroes and of women and threw their spell over the tribes of men."

Rival bards also met in public competition, like the minnesingers of Germany in the old Wartburg Castle, in picturesque tournaments of song. The calling of the bard was more dignified and sacred than among modern nations. He was musician, poet and priest alike. He made music for the dance, sang the glories of men and of the "fairly-cinctured" women and led the laments over the dead. Homer has given us pictures of the bard, as a recognized member of society in his day.

In the *Odyssey* a chair, studded with silver nails, is set for him at a great king's feast. A clear-toned harp is hung above his head. After the food and the wine, he sang to the music of the harp. In the delightful description of the Shield in the *Iliad*, he is twice represented. Once there is "a vineyard teeming plenteously with clusters, wrought fair in gold. Maidens and striplings, in childish glee, bare the sweet fruit in plaited baskets. And in the midst of them a boy made pleasant music on a clear-toned viol and sang thereto a sweet Linos song, with delicate voice." And again there were "youths dancing and maidens of costly wooing, their hands upon one another's wrists. Fair wreaths had the maidens and the youths, daggers of gold hanging from silver baldrics. And a great company stood round the lovely dance in joy; and among them a divine

minstrel was making music on his lyre." So we get a bright picture of these gifted singers and of their place from the immortal old bard himself, and from them, no doubt, he gathered many bright ideas and sweet sayings. The precocious Greeks were especially gifted in harmony and poetic ideas; and it is but fair to suppose that among them, these early song-birds of poesy were far more numerous than were the trouveres and troubadours of the barbarous European nations. Homer, possibly, looked back to them as being more gifted than he, for they accompanied their stories in verse with the music of the harp, while in his day the bard merely chanted his lines with a branch of laurel in his hand. This leads to the supposition that the original meter of the bards was not the hexameter but, likely, smaller forms. Six feet to a verse is too much for musical accompaniment. But as the stories of great founders, the brave deeds of heroes and the exploits of gods and goddesses, were being woven into the gorgeous embroidery of the bard-songs, a larger frame had to be sought to make room for a wider range and a richer coloring. The hexameter was brought in and the harp was hushed, while, to make up for the loss of the cheering notes of the music, a more vivid glow was infused into the narrative itself. The attention was no longer divided between the music and the story, but centered in the form and coloring of the incidents themselves. Thus Homer found it. How long it had been in this form, we can not tell. But we feel safe to say he was not alone; that bards had gone before him who recited incidents taken from their great heroic legends, such as "The Seven against Thebes," "The Voyage of the Argonauts to the Colchian Land," and "The Ten-years Seige of Troy."

And no doubt bards were living throughout Greece at the time he lived. While he was holding under his rapturous spell a crowd on the coast of the blue Ægean sea in Asia Minor, other bards, throughout the cities and colonies of Greece, were enlisting the passionate sympathy of the people by the recital of different incidents of the same great legends. It was a bardic age, an epic epoch. All the people felt a lofty pride in the deeds of their ancestors and patron deities. A rapt hearing awaited the bard who would tell them of their city's founding or that their ancestors fought around the walls of far-off Troy. They welcomed him to their feasts and to the comforts of their homes with the same fervor, doubtless, as the women and children, in the castles of England, France, and Germany, during the Crusades, welcomed the wandering minstrel who sang of the battles around Jerusalem and Antioch, not forgetting to slyly

mention the names of the lords of the castle in whose halls they sang. And so it has occurred to me that, while we find the long "Catalogue of the Ships" that sailed against Troy, dull reading, no part of the Iliad excited a livelier interest at the time of its recital. The bard's song was the people's song. He had distilled, in his liquid measures, their common sentiments. He felt at one with the tribe or nation among whom he sang. He was their mouth-piece. He was the product of his age. So that it is safe to say that the epic poem, the story in verse, was the national passion in Homer's time. The Homeric poems mark the highest degree of an excellence which was the glory of the Hellenic lands at that time. The preparation for just such art, had, doubtless, been going on for centuries. They sprang up among a people used to the heroic in life. The air was thick with the famous deeds of nations and individuals. And among such a people musical forms and poetical speech arose spontaneously. So that their poems bear, throughout, the impress of the inward life of the people and of their religion, which controlled their life.

They do not stand out as an independent and isolated growth, without the aids of nature and the inspirations of society, but they grew up and remain as the highest art which the strong national passion attained. The luxuriant, vegetable ages of the world which formed the coal-fields also furnished the basis for diamond-crystallization. As in England, the Shakespearian plays survive as a sparkling cluster of rarest gems amid heaps of smutting carbon, so in Greece the Homeric poems remain with like flash and sparkle, while their lusterless companions are hidden and lost.

But now let us take a glance at the vexed question of the authorship of the Homeric poems as throwing light, at least, on the extent and prevalence of epic art at this time in the world's history. It is not nearly a hundred years since Wolf published his *Prolegomena ad Homerum* in which he took the ground that neither the Iliad nor the Odyssey was the work of one single poet but that of several bards. This bold theory stirred classical scholars, especially the Germans, to a long and profound search, involving the most accurate and intricate details. One would say that the Iliad contained fifteen or sixteen separate songs and would lay claim to a separate poet for each of these songs. Another supposed an original Iliad and an original Odyssey and maintained that these gradually grew by the labors of younger and later singers into the great epics as we have them. All agree that not only have many interpolations been made, but that whole songs have been inserted into the body of

the old bard's work, either while he was living or later. The bard-song character of the work invited the introduction of such new songs, just as a necklace of separate pearls easily gives room for new pearls to be placed between the old ones. They further agree that the leading heroes had already been outlined by older bards for the gifted young poet who came after them. Having admitted this, scholars are now coming to the settled conviction that one poet is the author of both poems; that this richly-gifted singer planned and executed the work.

The traditions of the Greeks and the all-pervading unanimity of language and art bear witness to this. But, while this is so, we must remember that there were all around him, before him and after him, companions in art whose best work either augments his fame or died away along the coasts of Greece with the voice of the singer. The learned Germans, in separating from the Iliad of Homer the songs that were inserted by other singers, take away from the eighteenth book the lines describing the forging of the shield of Achilles by Hephaistos. I have wished for the name of the bard who wrote these lines. I have fancied him a sweet young poet who blushed to see his lines incorporated into the great work of the grand old master. He offered them as a tribute of love to the great poet he was wont to honor in the school of the Homericæ. The wreath made greener the brow of his master and he stepped back into oblivion. Yet, for artistic beauty and sweet poetic spirit these lines are not surpassed in Homer. If these lines are by a later bard, and it is generally conceded now that they are, there was, at least, one worthy to wear the mantle of Homer and share in his immortality of fame. I shall not attempt to say anything of Homer himself. In the realm of poetry he is by divine right king, and those who would rival him can only turn aside in the darkness, like Cædmon when asked for a song, and say, "I can not sing." I will not attempt to "search his deep and treurous heart." Neither would I think of lifting

"* * The crown from his immortal head
Of indivisible supremacy."

But I would have us view, with some show of reason, the times in which he lived and his perfect poetic environment; to note the presence, in the background, of his predecessors and companions in art; and especially to mark the currents of that epic-art which, like a flood, flowed over and around him.

On its wave he was led "on to fortune," having taken it "at the flood."

George W. Miles, Jr.



DOGWOOD.

I BRING you no precious exotic,
No child of a tropical clime
Flashes out to enrapture your vision
'Mid the frosts of the late springtime ;
I bring you no curious orchid,
No lily of rare perfume ;
But a rugged and odorless blossom,
Only a dogwood bloom !

Only a branch from a forest
Where grasses wave green at its feet,
And the stream that ripples beside it
Hums a lullaby low and sweet ;
Where the birds carol loud in its branches,
While the sun kisses each white bloom,
And the columbine bells jingle faintly
Close by in the boulder's gloom.

While the heralds of summer's ripe glories
Triumphantly shout and sing,
Must these tell only pitiful stories,
These children of meek, pale spring ?
No ! Treasure the blessed blossoms,
And ever in radiant rest
Fold them close—they are whispers of love divine,
To the heart of the listener pressed !

Louise J. Speed.

DONA BEATRIX ENRIQUEZ.

THE SECOND WIFE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Research into all that pertains to the family history of Christopher Columbus since the Columbian Exposition was proposed has unearthed much in regard to his first wife, Dona Felippa Peristrello, who was the mother of Diego Columbus, and died soon after giving him birth. It is pleasant to state that what has been written is to her credit. In the light of concurrent testimony it could not be otherwise.

Of his other wife, Beatrix Enriquez, comparatively nothing has been said, and that little has been misleading. The cloud which hangs over her memory needs a rift. She deserves to be known in her true character.

She was unfortunate enough to be misrepresented. Not while she lived nor while those who could and would have defended her lived, but after their lips were sealed in death. She was pronounced to be of plebeian condition and only the mistress of Columbus. Why? The principal reason given is because Columbus when making his will in the bequest he made her did not preface the bequest with the words "my wife," as men of the subsequent generations and until the present are accustomed to do.

An acquaintance with untheoretic sources and substantiated facts would lead one to see that Columbus, upon this point, could not have anticipated the misjudgments of some minds of future ages. During his lifetime, and for two centuries after it, there was no doubt of Dona Beatrix having been his truly wedded and lawful wife.

She was a daughter of Spain—a native of the city of Cordova, which is situated in the Sierra Morena Mountains, and was once a Moorish capital. She was of high descent and belonged to the noble house of Arana, one of the most ancient and illustrious houses of Castile. Her family was not less distinguished for its high lineage than for its high moral, religious and civic character, and of them it may be justly said that virtue and honor were hereditary.

Columbus was forty-nine years of age when he espoused her. Historians agree that she was very beautiful. Her property assured her an independent living, and according to the custom of the times and country she received as a marriage portion her *legitimo*. The marriage took place at Cordova in November,

1486. She became the mother of Columbus' second son, Fernando, on the 29th of the August following.

In 1805 Galeani Napione, a learned but caviling writer, while examining a medley of lawsuits that had been successively carried on in Spain on account of the inheritance of the descendants of Christopher Columbus, imagined he had found a coruscation of historic light in a memorandum that had been drawn up in behalf of a Diego colony—Larriategui—which was rejected by the court. The attorney, Luis de la Palmy y Freytes, needed for his cause to attack through ages the legitimacy of Don Fernando, the second son of Christopher Columbus, and the son of Beatrix.

Looking everywhere for something like evidence of this kind, he took up a copy of the will of Columbus, and found, as already mentioned, that the name of Beatrix in the bequest made to her by Columbus was not accompanied by the ominous words, "my wife."

The attorney, from this circumstance and to further his case, inferred the absence of the matrimonial tie, and consequently the illegitimacy of Fernando Columbus. In "*Pleytos de los descendientes de Colon*," we find that in his memorials to the Court of Appeals, dated the 15th of July 1792, a great jurist of Madrid, Don Perez de Castro, by a marginal note, disdainfully rejected the insinuation of the attorney, De la Palmy y Freytes (rejected in the first instance), by declaring that in no instance did he find proof that Don Fernando was illegitimate.

In 1809 Francois Cancellieri, a French antiquarian and bibliographer, repeated, without examination, the pretended inference made by Napione. Sportono, a Genoese, who seems to have felt a resentment against the Columbus family, particularly Don Fernando, whom he accused of having disseminated some doubts in regard to the birthplace of his father, Christopher Columbus, thereby robbing Genoa of her main laurel, welcomed this imputation of bastardy. Genoa sided with Sportono, and in 1823 he was charged by the decurional corp of Genoa with the publication of documents relative to Columbus, the collection of which formed the *Codice Columbo Amerivano*.

This calumny also gave an idea to Martin Fernandez Navarrete, who was continuing the "Collection of the Maritime Voyages of the Spaniards," commenced by Don Baptista Manoz by order of Charles IV. Navarrete was a writer of pleasing style, but destitute of originality. He would toady to royalty. Anything to exculpate Ferdinand from the ingratitude which all felt this king had shown to Columbus. The calumny gave him a new issue. It mattered not that Columbus had

given a new world to the crown of Spain and had been loaded with chains as a recompense. The integrity of the king must be maintained, the honor of the discoverer and his marital relations sacrificed. Yet even Navarrete, in his quality as a Spaniard, never dared to contest the nobility of Beatrix Enriquez. He declared her to be noble and of the principal house of Cordova.

Washington Irving was then in Spain, and even before Navarrete's writings were entirely printed he became acquainted with them. To a certain extent he was controlled by the influence of both Sportoni and Navarrete, but he only admits a part of their accusations and mitigates them. Prescott belongs to the same school. Humboldt accorded credit to the accusations made by Navarrete. More than eighty writers of different stamp have repeated the calumny. It has been repeated in different languages and believed by many persons, but when sifted down has no other foundation than the chicanery of a lawyer in a lawsuit that was rejected.

On the other hand, the contemporary historians of Fernando Columbus cast no doubt on his legitimacy. They could not. Would Queen Isabella, so rigid in ceremony, have given as pages to her only son, the infant Don Juan, the two brothers Columbus—one legitimate, the other a bastard? Together they were presented at court the same day, during their father's absence, by their uncle Bartholomew. At a later period both pass into the service of the queen, and the *Collection Diplomatica*, No. cxxv., is authority for the assertion that the nomination of Fernando preceded that of his brother Diego by twenty-four hours.

The convention which took place between the Crown of Spain and Columbus on the plain of Grenada on the 17th of April, 1492, in establishing the inheritance of his dignities in the person of the *oldest* of his sons, shows implicitly that Diego, the only child of his first marriage, is not alone. The royal decree of the 20th of May, 1493, which accords royal armorial bearings to Columbus, speaks of his *sons*. The act of Mayorazgo, or Entailment, implies Columbus' state of marriage. He foresees the case that he might have other children besides his two sons whom he names. He does not, however, admit the possibility of another conjugal union since he does not stipulate any reservation or dower for another wife.

The royal historiographer of Spain, Antonio de Herrera, has removed every doubt to the second marriage of Christopher Columbus. These are his words in the "General History of the Voyages and Conquests of the Castilians": "After the death of

his first wife he espoused a second named Beatrix Enriquez, of the city of Cordova, by whom he had Fernando, a virtuous gentleman, well versed in the science of sound learning."

In addition to this an old book published in 1627 at Cuerica has been discovered in which there is express mention made of the marriage of Christopher Columbus and Beatrix Enriquez. Except her marriage, her beauty and distinguished lineage, historians have very little to say of Beatrix. Wedded, as she was, to a man with a mission to accomplish, she was compelled to enjoy but very little of his society and his presence. It is not to be wondered that Columbus should love her with her youth, her beauty and her rank, even her name, so loved by Dante, so fit to be loved by an Italian!

With her the attractions to be found in him were not so great, still they were sufficient to win her and her lifetime devotion. He was forty-nine years old and a widower with a son. He was without fortune, landed estate or other property. His costume was necessarily poor and plain, his hair gray and his forehead seamed with care and thought. His social status was that of an obscure foreigner and he was looked upon as a dreamer. Cupid played a winning game with this paradox. Beatrix saw only the grand nobility of her wooer's character, not his humble guise.

It is hardly probable that the Aranas and Enriquez were willing for the marriage which must have shocked their legitimate pride and their interests. Columbus' only prospect at the time, except making charts for a living, was his "project," which had been three times rejected by the councils of government. We of this age are not accustomed to withhold our sympathy and admiration for the heroic women whose lives are linked with explorers. What heart does not bleed for the Arctic or Equatorial explorer's wife? Her married life is bitter-sweet. Now filled with love and longing for the absent husband whose very absence breeds loneliness, suspense, doubts and misgivings for his welfare.

Such was the life of Beatrix. We of to-day enjoy the benefits that accrued from her abnegation.

Shall we not love her and believe well of her?

The only mention historians make of her in connection with Columbus' first voyage is that "he took his son, Diego, to his wife in Cordova before leaving Spain, perhaps forever."

So her loneliness and sorrow were mitigated by the care of her step-son, Diego, and her own babe, Fernando. It is not plausible to believe that they wholly filled the aching void. After the admiral's return an authentic document proves that on

the 23d of May, 1493, while his wife, Beatrix, superintended the education of his sons, Columbus received the premium of first discovery, consisting of a contingent annuity of ten thousand maravedis. He assigned the payment at his residence, Cordova.

It is quite the cue with writers now to give to the Peristrello family, of which Christopher Columbus' first wife was a member, much credit for the assistance they gave Columbus in his wonderful discoveries. They deserve it. There is no doubt that the notes and journals of Felippa's father, Bartholomew Mognis de Peristrello, a navigator who had received from Don Henry, in recompense for his maritime services, the appointment of governor of the island of Porto Santo, with rights of perpetuity, and the maritime experience of her brother-in-law, Pedro Correa, did much to foster the projects of our great discoverer.

It must not be lost sight of, however, that Beatrix's family have a share in the matter. Not in the theory but in the practice. Not in conjecturing what laid beyond the unknown deep, but one with the heroism and hardihood to encounter its uncertainties and immensity. The Hon. Diego de Arana, her nephew, was one of the officers of the Santa Maria.

It is a matter worthy of note that of two great characters who have figured in the history of America the no marriage business should cut a figure. Abraham Lincoln's life, otherwise so useful and so beautiful, was clouded and embittered by the thought that no marriage ceremony had been performed between his parents, Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks. Since his death that much desired document has been brought to light at Springfield, Kentucky. During Columbus' life no doubt existed of his marriage with Beatrix Enriquez, but a calumny now pervades every language that makes her his concubine.

This refutation is tendered in behalf of her otherwise lovable memory. Research into the matter only results in her vindication and that of her honored husband, who projected, matured and accomplished his heaven-born mission while he was a husband, not when his other self was a gay lothario.

Julia Barry Healy.

WHEN SPRING AWAKES.

UPON the drowsy earth a glad light breaks,
And gentle pulses stir to life anew,
The skies take on a warmer, softer blue,
And buds begin to swell when Spring awakes.

The balmy air seems shot with golden threads,
And through their prison walls of ice and snow
The pent-up streams break forth in gladsome flow,
And greening grass is pierced by crocus heads.

Within the deep and tangled budding wood
Signs of awakening life are seen and heard,
From branch to branch swift flits the mating bird
And sings of love in song well understood.

From out the orchard's erstwhile barren ways
The soft winds toned to gentlest breezes blow,
And woo to life and bloom and odorous snow
The gnarled and barren boughs of winter days.

Like golden fairy cups the cowslips are,
While elfin bells the valley lilies seem—
As silent as sweet music in a dream,
Yet flinging out their music, near and far.

And sweeter still to make the scene more fair,
Steeping the senses in an ecstacy
Of light and warmth and bloom and melody,
The wild plum pours its fragrance on the air.

Within the thicket where the red-bud glows
Like drops of blood oozed from its stems of brown,
The shy wood violet lifts its purple crown,
And white stars gleam where e'er the bloodroot grows.

Along the rugged lichen-clad cliff heights
The snail-like ferns unwind their fronds of green,
And from the rocks small crevices between
The red wild-pink hangs out its signal lights.

How fair the way along which Spring shall pass.
With smiling skies and blooming boughs o'erhead,
The ground beneath with dandelions spread
Like stars ashine amid the tender grass.

Oh ! bounding impulse that my spirit takes,
With what renewed delight my pulses thrill,
And all my being drinks its utmost fill ;
My very soul is glad when Spring awakes !

Henry Cleveland Wood.

HER ASTRAL SHAPE : AN OCCULT TALE.

MY Tonella and I had had a lovers' quarrel. She had told me a story and it pained me. I felt a deeper wound, because the story was about my rival. I showed that I was hurt, and that I expected her to ask my pardon, but her manner became only the more frosty. I fancied from her attitude that she intended me to do penance for her sin. I longed that she would see things in their right light and make up with me. I should have made the steps as easy as possible.

Not long after our quarrel I saw Tonella walking with a Mr. Payne, my most detested rival. In a short time she seemed to be with him almost constantly. My very spinal column ached whenever I saw them together. Life did not seem like life without the company of my Tonella. I had come to look on that blue-eyed darling as my own peculiar property. The long and lonely evenings which followed our estrangement nearly drove me wild. I went to the theater once and saw her there with Payne. I was unable to sit out the piece. I went to my room, and, resting my head in my hands, tried to think. Instead of resolving to go to her like a man and tell her how sorry I was that I had not been blind to her fault ; that I was wrong, for a true lover would never have seen it ; that I wished her to forgive me that once for having been caught awake when I should have been napping ; instead of this, I resolved to try a counter irritant and notice its effect.

I knew that Tonella disliked a certain young lady as heartily as I detested Mr. Payne. I determined to show Miss Marr, the lady in question, as much attention as Tonella bestowed upon him. This step was a most unwise one ; it did not drive her to wine, tonics or opium ; it did far worse, for it drove her to Payne. In four months she married him. The night of their wedding I aged three score and ten years. Every minute was a cycle of misery, for I loved Tonella. In my torture I personified Birth and summoned him before me to tell him what I thought of his inflicting his unsolicited company upon me. I begged him to take me back twenty-five years and place me in the blessed, happy land of non-existence, where cloud and storm and trouble threw no blackening shadows ; to make me as I was, before unsought infancy was thrust upon me, like a foundling left at an unappreciative bachelor's door. But in spite of my woe, though Tonella had left me, existence remained.

The next afternoon I called to see Miss Marr. Her mother came into the parlor instead, and talked to me something like this :

"Mr. Everson, I thought it might be better for you and my daughter both if we came to a speedy understanding. Six months ago she stood in the same relation to Mr. Payne as you to the present Mrs. Payne. It was a case of spite work on both sides. It is for you both to show them that they have failed to make you wretched. You and Agnes will certainly become a happier couple than they could ever be."

"I don't care what I do, Mrs. Marr; I am ready for anything," I replied in a torpid way.

"Would you like to marry now, and pay them up in their own coin?"

"I don't care what I do," I repeated, with the feeling of a man who had been sentenced both to be hanged and to be imprisoned for life, and for whom there could be no further punishments in store.

"You had better marry at once, then. That will look manly."

The affair was speedily settled, and Agnes Marr became my wife. I was utterly benumbed, and I felt that no move could add to my misery; hence I married with as little thought as I would have walked into a restaurant and ordered a plum-pudding which I could never digest.

As the weeks went on I naturally looked to my wife for some sympathy, for I was terribly blue. She had none for me; she took no interest in anything I did, unless it in some way interfered with her pursuit of happiness. She was good looking, dressed gracefully, so that her slight figure always appeared becoming. But she was an iceberg frozen in a beautiful mould, and I realized how marriage might with justice be called a Polar expedition.

One evening I felt in unusual need of sympathy, and I tried to impress that fact upon her. I shall never forget how she snapped this retort at me: "A man who mopes about like a great calf is more annoying to have around than a dressmaker. Get something to take up your mind; go to a club; make the doctor give you a prescription. You are worse than a nursery or a flock of dismal screech-owls. It has been so ever since we married."

In my boyhood I remember to have seen, one bleak autumn day, a young drake balancing itself on one foot, while it endeavored to warm the other by holding it close against its body. An innocent looking duck ran against the drake, and he, to preserve

his balance, dropped his cold foot heavily on a large unopened chestnut burr. The quack of pain which escaped that drake rang through my memory when my wife stopped talking. I seemed to be all feet, walking an earth paved with chestnut burrs.

I tried not to do anything to offend her, but I undertook an impossible task. I am human, and I would occasionally reply to her retorts. She punished me several times by not speaking to me for two successive days. I think she never forgave me for any deed, however trivial, if she disliked it. Never was a turkey buzzard on a keener lookout for appetizing morsels than she for my slightest action which was displeasing to her. My nature did not improve under this treatment. I discovered that my heart was with Tonella. And yet there were times when I tried with all my soul to fall in love with my wife, but whenever I approached her, I could see in her face and manner the sum of all the resentment she had ever felt against me. Alas! I never found a Northwest passage through the ice.

One morning, as I walked upstairs to the second floor of an office building, I saw a little man with piercing eyes coming down. I do not know why, but I involuntarily halted in front of him. He seemed as if he had expected me to stop. He looked at me intently out of his large eyes of bluish black, and said, "I am sorry for you."

I was startled. Heaven knows I needed sympathy, for I realized that my life, which a short time before had promised so much, was ruined. Clouds which would never pass away had rolled over my sky. I scanned the stranger closely. He was small, his skin a peculiar darkish brown, his forehead deeply wrinkled, retreating under black hair, his cheek bones and nose prominent, his lips full. The muscles about his mouth showed that he had known both pleasure and pain, but in unequal degrees. He evidently belonged to no European race. I judged that he was old from his forehead, his manner, and the sympathetic quality in his voice. His tones sounded as if he, too, had been a guest in the halls of sorrow.

"I am sorry for you," he repeated. "Shall I help you?"

I was puzzled over this strange creature. It seemed as if I dimly recollecting having given a dollar to a man resembling him a few mornings before. I was then too much absorbed in my own blue feelings to notice anything more about the recipient than that he would not touch the coin, but had me drop it on his handkerchief. Without making any reply, I again looked the little man over closely. I did not like his forehead, nose, or cheek bones, but I could not distrust his eyes. Their black was

softened by a blue ; they were not dry and cold ; their depths showed the presence of moisture, which gave them a kindly look. His chin would have served as a model for an ambitious artist.

"I thought from your face that you were not a suspicious, doubting man of the West. If you are, I can not help you," he said, and then paused.

I attempted to reply, but his bluish-black eyes were fastened too intently upon me. Like a magnet, they seemed to be drawing my very soul out of me into himself. In an instant I grew languid and faint enough to fall. Then he dropped his eyes, and I was stronger.

"I shall tell you but little ; if you are not satisfied with that, I shall leave you," he continued. "I am a Mahatma from Thibet. Because I had some human sympathies left, because I was not utterly mummified, I was banished by the sacred order of Mahatmas. I think they intended to kill me, although they gave out banishment as the penalty I had incurred. But I was too smart for their wiles, and I escaped. Never mind about my further history, or how I came here ; I am here, am I not ?" he asked, looking me through and through.

"Yes," I replied, feeling it impossible that he should become a dissolving view or float away on a broomstick.

"You are an unusually sensible man of the West. The most of your race would be very suspicious in making that admission. I am glad you are sure on that point. Now, could I be any more here than I am, even if you knew everything I have done from my birth until this morning ?"

"No, you are just as much here as if I understood it all," I replied, vaguely.

"You are a very intelligent man. I hate to give explanations. No explanations ever explained anything. They all beg the question at the bottom. This world is here. Neither of us knows precisely how it got here ; we can neither explain its origin, nor give the reason for its changes. Can you take that for granted ?" he asked, while his forehead looked like a choppy sea.

"Yes, the world is here ; I wish it wasn't, but it is," I said, with a sigh.

"Very good. So many persons have been wanting me to explain things lately that I am weary. A clap of thunder sounds just as loud and is just as much thunder to a goose as if the bird knew all about electricity. Now your philosopher who eats the goose, with mingled feelings of pity and contempt for its silliness, does not know what the essence of electricity is any

more than that goose. He will talk learnedly about some of its phenomena, but then they are not electricity any more than the quack of a goose is the goose. Since you can take things for granted, I shall be able to do something for you. Let others give explanations without facts; I prefer to give facts without explanations."

He paused, and seemed lost in thought for a moment or two, then he continued; "I am very sorry for you. Do not look surprised or ask me to explain. You understand it as well as you do how the sun keeps up its warmth. Do not shut yourself out of the sunshine because you can not comprehend how the sun has sent forth heat so long. I am sorry for you, and if you want me to help you, I will."

I suppose I must have looked both puzzled and surprised, for he said bluntly, "You have a wife. Do you want help?"

"I don't know; I think death alone could help me in such a case," I said, with a feeling of utter despair.

"You can not die," he replied, firmly. "You can only migrate. Your Atma is immortal. If you misbehave here, or do not acquit yourself like a man, you will have two wives in your next sphere of existence. The one you have now will not be a circumstance to them. They will be a combination of wife and mother-in-law, both in one."

"I guess I had better live a while, then. I suppose there can't be any frying-pan without a fire."

"Just put yourself in my hands. You helped me the other day when my body was starving. Your race has often called me a dog. Perhaps I am, for I never forget a kick or a caress. I have been in trouble over women myself; that is why—but never mind explanations; I can help you, if you will obey me."

Somehow or other I began to feel confidence in him. The vast depth of those bluish-black eyes was suggestive of power. I was ready to believe almost anything, when I looked into them. It was only when I glanced away that my reason told me he was raising false hopes in me.

"How did you come to break with Tonella?" he asked, as the depths in his eyes grew fathomless.

I was startled to hear him pronounce the name of her I loved. Yes, I loved her far more than before I had crossed the Styx of matrimony. How could he have found out her name? He did not allow me to spend much time in wondering, for he held me like a captive with his eyes, while he repeated, "How did you lose Tonella?"

"It was very foolish of me. She was absolutely perfect,

and the loss has broken my heart. I was silly enough, because she told me a story about my rival—”

“Told you a story! a falsehood! Then I fear I can do nothing for you. If she had been pure, as I fancied, I might have given you her astral shape. Are you sure she told a falsehood?”

“I thought she told a story, but—”

“Take me to your office where no one can disturb us. I shall investigate.”

I went with him to my office, and at his suggestion locked the door. I was powerless to disobey him, although I reflected that he might easily murder me. He seated himself at my table, leaned his head forward on it, and said, “Do not disturb me until I speak to you.”

His breathing suddenly became very regular and monotonous, like that of a sleeper. Everything looked unnatural to me, even the chairs and well-worn carpet.

How long he sat there with bowed head, I do not know, but after a while he suddenly rose, saying, “You were mistaken; she never told you a falsehood; you misunderstood her. Her soul is as pure as the ether in Nirvana. I do not wonder that you love her. No woman rightly named Tonella could be out of harmony with the spheres. Her eyes are as blue as the unsullied heavens. Would that mine were, too. The faint bluish tinge that you see in them has come from long and loving gaze upon the sky, but I have looked so much more at earth's trouble that they are for the most part dark, very dark. Some day I shall be elsewhere, and they shall reflect more fully the color of the heavens.”

“Have you seen Tonella?” I asked, in a halting way.

“Yes; I left my body here with you, and with my astral form, I saw her face to face, and I looked upon her soul. She is sad, and her love for you is deeper than yours. Do you wish the company of her soul enough to brave anything?”

“Yes, but we are both married,” I gasped.

“Yours is a marriage of the body, only. Your union with your wife, hers with her husband, can never be other. Your astral forms are as lonely as a grave at midnight. The ceremonies of your clergy have no power over them; but I, a Mahatma, a high priest and interpreter of Jiva, Linga Sharira, Kama Rupa, Manas, Buddha, and Atma—I have power to join in marriage pure astral forms. If you can be satisfied with the astral shape of your lost Tonella, it shall be yours on the condition that you obey me.”

“I would rather have even her cast-off glove or slipper than

my wife. But I don't know what an astral shape is. Wouldn't it be liable to arrest for bigamy?"

I was struck dumb by the scorn which shot forth from the depth of those wonderful eyes, which looked like the blue heavens passing by the gates of twilight into the blackness of night.

"Earth's courts have no jurisdiction over the astral shape. It comes and goes like the dawn, like the sunbeams breaking through the rifts in storm clouds, like the rainbow bridge to the land of gold, like the music of a thousand voices happy forevermore. Earth can not claim it, nor the blue depths of yonder infinite space interpose barriers to its onward march. It may pass from Mars to Jupiter, then on swift pinions dart to the Pleiades and bask in their kindly beams. It is that part of you which knows and feels and wills, which fears and loves, which drinks the brimming cup of joy or trouble. If you obey me, it shall pass as easily from your body as your fancy revels in unimprisoned dreams, and at your bidding, it shall return to the body, its earthly habitation. Aye, it shall drink to the full the cup of Tonella's love, and there shall be less jarring in this universe of saddening discords," he concluded, as the blue returned to his eyes like an azure morning after a night in spring.

"Have I had such a shape in me these twenty-five years without knowing it?" I cried.

"Ignorant child of the West, even such is the case. Like the stupid oyster which carries a pearl within its rough shell, you have in you a gem which may never see the dawn. In the course of years of patient study, I learned how to fish for pearls and how to bring the gems to light. For years I watched the caterpillar slowly turning into the glorious butterfly, until at last I learned the secret of this grand metamorphosis. But with all this knowledge, there was something more that I wanted. Let me whisper it in your ear, it was love; and for that reason I no longer tread the halls of Mahatmas. Smitten with anguish in my lonely efforts, before success finally smiled upon me and deepened the blue in my eyes, I resolved in my long search to help some despairing lover. I looked upon your soul and read both despair and love stamped upon it. Then I sought Tonella this very morning, and found her sadly dreaming an azure dream of love. I shall help you because I have loved. To-night at twelve, if no mischance befalls, I shall join your astral forms in an indissoluble union. Now I shall leave you. Go near no foul thing to-day. Shake hands with no one; touch no money, cross not the shadow of any red-headed person. I have given you no explanation, and you are wise to ask for none, but when you return to your so-called home you shall

find a book lying behind the mirror in your front room. In that book you will see certain marked passages. Ponder them deeply. Retire to rest this night the same as usual. Give the future no thought, for you are in my hands. At twelve I shall call for you. You and Tonella will accompany me to a beautiful spot where the kindly rays of the stars shall fall upon you, and the merry sound of running waters be heard. There I shall unite your astral forms in a marriage whose joy shall outlast the happy music of that dancing water. Farewell for a few short hours. I come at twelve."

PART II.

When the Mahatma had gone, I fell to thinking. I was never more elated, but I could give no adequate reason for my hopeful feelings. My curiosity to see whether I should find at my home the book he mentioned soon got the better of me, and I started off to put his first assertion to the test.

I tried to sneak into the house, unseen by my wife; but she was too watchful. I stepped into the parlor, and she presently appeared, her face drawn into the semblance of an interrogation point. I paid no attention to her, but sat down on the sofa with my head in my hands. Instead of asking what was the matter with me, she gave a little sniff and passed on toward the dining-room. I realized that for all she knew or cared, I might be dying. As she went by the mirror, her lynx eye caught sight of something behind it. She pulled out a book and was making away with it, giving vent to some exclamations about slovenliness, when I felt a sudden flush of health and darted after her, exclaiming, "That is my book; don't run off with it."

In my excitement I snatched the volume from her. She looked at me with her eyes on fire. "You contemptible boor, the next time I find any of your things thrown around the parlor you will not see them again in a hurry," she said, then turned her back on me and swept from the room.

I felt that she would not speak to me again for a week, but I cared very little when I glanced at the book. My confidence in the Mahatma revived, for here was a work expounding the occult Buddhist philosophy. I turned the pages rapidly to see if I could find the promised marked passages. Yes, here was one. I eagerly read how a learned Brahman, talking to a European, said, "You have studied physical nature, and you obtained through the laws of nature marvelous results—steam, electricity, etc.; for twenty thousand years or more we have

studied the intellectual forces, we have discovered their laws, and we obtain by making them act alone or in concert with matter, phenomena still more astonishing than your own."

I turned a page or two, and another marked passage struck my eye :—

"All things that ever were, that are, or that will be, having their record upon the astral light, or tablet of the unseen universe, the initiated adept, by using the vision of his own spirit, can know all that has been known or can be known."

Again, I read the following, indicated by a heavy blue mark in the margin :—

"One phase of magical skill is the voluntary and conscious withdrawal of the inner man (astral form) from the outer man (physical body). In the case of some mediums withdrawal occurs, but it is unconscious and involuntary. With the latter, the body is more or less cataleptic at such times; but with the adept, the absence of the astral form would not be noticed, for the physical senses are alert, and the individual appears only as in a fit of abstraction,—a 'brown study' as some call it.

"To the movements of the wandering astral form, neither time nor space offers obstacles."

With increasing interest, I searched for the next marking, and read :—

"Swedenborgians believe and arcane science teaches that the abandonment of the living body by the soul frequently occurs, and that we encounter every day, in every condition of life, such living corpses. . . . The vacant carcass may be entered and inhabited by the astral form of an adept sorcerer or an elementary (an earth-bound disembodied human soul), or very rarely, an elemental. Of course an adept of white magic has the same power, but unless some very exceptional and great object is to be accomplished he will never consent to pollute himself by occupying the body of an impure person. In insanity the patient's astral being is either semi-paralyzed, bewildered and subject to the influence of every passing spirit of any sort, or it has departed forever, and the body is taken possession of by some vampirish entity near its own disintegration, clinging desperately to earth, whose sensual pleasures it may enjoy for a brief season longer by this expedient."

Turning over the page, I read these lines. A hand had been drawn on the margin, pointing to them :—

"The adept can control the sensations and alter the conditions of the physical and astral bodies of other persons not adepts. He can also govern and employ as he chooses the spirits of the elements."

"The human spirit is so great a thing that no man can express it; as God himself is eternal and unchangeable, so also is the mind of man. If we rightly understood its power nothing would be impossible to us on earth."

I found myself half way believing these statements. The book was placed behind the mirror in a way that seemed miraculous to me. The volume was a heavy one. The fact that my wife did not know of its existence was proof enough to me that nobody in the house had placed the book there. I stepped up and looked carefully behind the mirror, and sure enough there was another volume which had escaped my wife. I pulled it out and found that it was the first volume of the work from which I had been reading. It was written by a famous interpreter of the occult philosophy. I found some newspaper clippings in the first volume. They contained solemn statements by persons of undoubted veracity, both in this country and England, affirming that they had been eye witnesses to many of the facts set forth in this philosophy.

When I left the Mahatma, I had determined to trust him if I found the book as he had said. He had done what he had promised in this matter. In some way utterly inexplicable to me, he had placed those volumes behind the mirror, and I began to wonder if he could not keep his word concerning his other astounding promises.

I do not remember how I spent my time until the hour came for retiring. I was so excited I was afraid I could not sleep, but I did sleep and very soundly, too. After a while I began to dream, and my dreams grew more and more vivid until they seemed to surpass the reality of waking life. On and on I dreamed, until a new world lay spread out before me. Nay, this could not be a dream, for I was actually moving about, I saw a thousand things where before my slower discernment had perceived but one. I was so light and airy, so rapid in my easy movements that I began to wonder if I was myself. A feeling of life more intense than any I had known before thrilled through me. I was certainly outside of my house, moving like thought when the brain is strong. At one moment I had the sensation of a swallow skimming over a spring meadow covered with flowers; at another, of an eagle sailing around the summit of a lofty mountain and viewing the world spread out before him for many a mile.

I was surely moving south with wonderful speed. The air was growing more balmy and heavily laden with the odor of flowers. With each breath of the aromatic ether I felt younger, stronger, more capable of what had before seemed impossible.

I was a reality now. For the first time in my existence I knew myself, and I had more capacities than I had thought. Before, I had been like a bird which had walked because it had not known the use of its wings. No, I was not dreaming; I was thoroughly awake for the first time. Hitherto my life had been an existence of foggy dreams. Now I was awake, and I had just become all myself. My emotions must have been somewhat like those of Columbus when he first discovered a new world in the old.

Suddenly I came to a dead stop in a land of flowers. I could hear the joyous sound of running water. I knew not why, but I felt strangely drawn toward a large live oak. I alighted and saw—Tonella! It was her astral shape. In it I could see all that was noble, sympathetic, and affectionate. All these I saw divested of that material body which had hidden so many of her noble qualities, as the clouds driving across the heavens conceal the stars.

With a cry of joy inaudible to any but astral ears, I rushed to her and embraced her. Our thoughts were transparent to each other without the need of words, and I could see that she loved me. I kissed her with the lips of my soul, and a thrill of estacy ran over me such as my body could never have felt.

"I can read in you all the misery that you have suffered. Will you forgive me?" she asked, in tones which struck my ear like the sound of a silvery bell filling the regions of infinite space.

I grasped her in my arms with all the fervor which my astral shape would permit. "Forgive me, my astral darling," I cried, "my treatment of you was inhuman, but *then* I was in the body and had no sense. Be mine forever, now, darling, and let me try to make amends," I said, passionately.

"Would it be right?" she asked, while her astral shape clung so close to mine that we had almost blended into one.

"Yes, it is right," said a voice.

We flew apart with the speed of a ray of light, and saw the Mahatma standing before us.

"It is right," he repeated. "Your partners married the body only. They have a right to it, and you must leave it to them; but your astral shapes belong to each other. They were one to my astral eye while you were embracing; they are one in thought and emotion now. Look at him, Tonella, without speaking a word. Is his soul not bare to you? Can you not see that he is yours?"

She hung her head modestly without speaking, but she could not hide her thoughts from me. They said, "Yes."

He looked at me until he saw that I had read her answer, and then said to me: "Look at her; read her emotions concerning you. They are as plain as the rays of those throbbing stars which are now shining more kindly because even they, in their distant orbits, feel the influence of her love. Is she not entirely yours?"

"Yes, she is mine," I cried, springing toward her and locking her in my arms.

I did not notice that the Mahatma had turned his back on us, and was gazing up at the silent stars. I do not know how long he looked at them, but he finally turned, and said, "Children!"

Again we flew apart, more from earthly habit than anything else, forgetting he was there.

"You need not mind me. There is no need of your behaving as if you were in the body. Courtship in the astral shape can never be disguised. Neither screens, nor curtains, nor doors, can hide it from astral eyes," he said, with a misty smile.

I returned to her side, ashamed that I had left her for a second.

"That is right. You should let nothing come between you and love, and you have the power to keep away anything which interrupts the divine passion. For loving astral forms, the universe is one vast sofa; all time, perpetual spring," he continued.

"You promised to pronounce the astral marriage ceremony over us to-night in sound of that running water," I said, dreading the delay of a minute which kept Tonella and me from being one.

The Mahatma stepped before us with a solemn mien. I looked into his mind and saw the vast knowledge which it possessed, so vast that the mere contemplation made me feel as dizzy as if I were standing on the edge of a fathomless precipice. I had not imagined that a human mind could penetrate so far into the secrets of the universe. I was glad to see that his learning was not like fossils; it was embalmed in feeling. In other words, I saw that he, too, loved.

"The astral marriage is one of the most solemn ceremonies which created beings are called to go through. Are you ready to enter the long, long enduring state of closest astral union—a union which body-clogged souls of earth can not appreciate?" he asked, while he bent on us a gaze as searching as the lightning.

After a moment's pause he said, "I can see that you are ready; join souls."

Tonella and I seemed to blend in one being, as he held one

hand above us and the other toward the stars. Everything appeared to throb in unison with every syllable of his astral marriage service:

"O Buddha, and thou eternal principle of love, that sendest thy kindly light through this otherwise dark universe; that bringest halcyon days to the tempest-tossed; that toughest the suffering brow with pain-dispelling fingers; that biddest us toil on, though weary, until we come to thee and for the first time know elysian dreams; that canst fling a rainbow across the storm-driven clouds of existence; thou, whose still, small voice is sometimes, even on this dark planet, heard above the voice of passion, the clamor for gain, the mistaken trumpet-call to fame, the jealousies, the quarrels, the despair; thou unutterable essence of love, fling thou golden beams full upon this enfranchised pair. Hitherto they have stumbled and walked the earth with bruised forms. Heal them, O love, and keep them forever young in the fervor of their maiden passion for each other. Ye kindly stars, filling the night as with the joyous faces of awakened lovers, whose transfigured affection the fathomless distances can not hide; ye silent witnesses of this union of two souls, watch them and guide them aright, that they also may help to fill the night with kindly beams. O spirit of ineffable love, guide them together at last into Nirvana, that state of lasting rest, where everything is conscious affection, where they, a part of thy eternal self, may forever repose in each other's love. Now, in the name of Buddha, I pronounce you one in soul," he concluded, as he laid his hand upon our heads.

While he was uttering the silent ceremony, it flashed upon Tonella and me for the first time what marriage really was. Our little universe had widened into an infinity filled with love.

"Children, take the congratulation of a lover, who for his affection was exiled from the halls of the Mahatmas. For having brought you together, I feel surer of Nirvana," he said, while his face grew luminous with emotion.

Before he left he told us that we were free to go about the universe absolutely unhampered. Then he vanished, and we were alone. We were so lost in our new found happiness that we did not measure the time by earthly hours. Finally we determined to return to the city of our birth, to see how our bodies were faring. We had a pardonable curiosity concerning them; perhaps there was also considerable affection mingled with this. We had but to exercise our will, and we passed to our former homes with the speed of thought. When we separated we promised to report to each other soon for further consultation.

It was nightfall when my astral shape entered my door.

My body was sitting in an easy chair. There was a vacant look about the eyes; the face wore a stolid expression which did not change.

"I wish you could accept Aunt Jane's invitation to visit her at Washington; you would enjoy it so much."

I recognized the tones of my former mother-in-law speaking to my bodily wife.

"I could, if it were not for the fool in that chair; I am tied to him now," was the reply of her who had taken me for the better or the worse.

I looked at my body to see it resent this insult, but my corporeal shape remained in the same stupid position as before. I was shocked at its lack of manhood.

"We shall have him off our hands soon. Cousin Jack will take the necessary steps to have you appointed executor of the driveling idiot's property, and then you can go where you choose," said her mother.

"What makes me angry is that everybody will say he went insane because he did not marry that airy nothing of a Tonella. The other afternoon when one of his friends came in to talk with him he would do nothing but bellow 'Tonella' like a motherless calf. Half the city knows it now," replied the pouting daughter.

"When has he had anything to eat? We don't want him dying on our hands," said her mother.

"I don't know nor care. I didn't marry him to nurse him like an infant," replied the one who had sworn to cherish me.

"Nancy, Nancy!" called the mother.

"What is it, mum?" asked the domestic.

"Bring the gruel and feed him."

The domestic returned soon with a bowl of smoking stuff.
"Open your mouth," she roared in my bodily ear.

My jaws opened mechanically, and she dropped a spoonful of the gruel down my throat.

Judging from the reflex action in my mouth and face, I think the gruel must have been red hot. The bodily mother-in-law and wife laughed heartily at my contortions.

This was more than my astral shape, glowing with a white heat of indignation, could endure. I jumped into my body, spit out the gruel, rushed from the chair, seized my mother-in-law and seated her in it. Then I grabbed the dish of gruel, and yelled to her, "Open your mouth." Then I poured her mouth full of the stuff. Pandemonium was reigning in the room. My wife and the servant were shrieking like an army of cats near an Irish wake. The old lady was too busy masticating the gruel to swell the volume of sound.

"Come here and kneel at my feet and beg my pardon for maltreating my sick body," I roared at my wife, at the same time seizing her.

"O, don't kill me, dear, sweet lunatic," she said in her excitement; "don't kill me, I always loved you and I love you now."

"You prevaricating monster," I shouted. And then a voice whispered in my ear, and my astral shape was drawn out of my body as easily as water would rush into a vacuum. The second I emerged I recognized Tonella. She drew me outside of the house and sped with me toward the South, before I could realize my changed condition.

"I happened there just in time to keep your astral shape from being weighed down and clogged by your body. We must never leave each other again. Don't you think they had my body drunk, actually drunk! and I wouldn't stay in it. The doctor had been keeping it full of wine. If I had staid in it long my astral shape would have become intoxicated, and I should have lost you. It is too fearful a risk to run to leave each other again," said Tonella, as she drew close to me.

I looked at the white soul of my wife, at its strength of love, in comparison with which all the force of gravity exerted by all the matter in the universe was as weak as an infant's finger. I felt myself drawn toward her with a power which defied resistance. "You need not fear; I can never leave your loving soul," I whispered, as I sealed my promise with an astral kiss.

We returned to the land of flowers, to the place where the Mahatma had joined us together for aye. There we remained lost in each other's affections, until he appeared and said, "Earth is no place for the enfranchised astral shape. Beyond the orbit of Mars you will find cities of astral forms. Go there and build you an airy dwelling."

We thanked our guardian Mahatma, and promised to obey him. Before we started on our journey, we again visited our native city to take a last look at our homes. We promised not to leave each other for a second, and so she went with me to my house first. It was about eight o'clock one evening when we arrived there, and we saw a man somewhat disguised slipping in at a side door. We circled around the house and then entered in time to see my bodily wife in the corporeal arms of Tonella's husband. Their kissing sounded to our astral ears like the noise of a suction pump. We embraced each other in the delicate astral way to show that we did not feel the slightest pang of jealousy.

But where was my body? We searched every room, closet,

and the entire cellar without discovering a trace of my grosser self. Then we went to Tonella's home, but her body was not there. We began to suspect a foul conspiracy, and we searched the death record, but failed to find our names. We went hither and thither, following up every suggested clue, all to no purpose. We did not like to leave the planet without knowing what had become of our bodies with which we had been so long associated.

Finally we ransacked a file of newspapers until we saw, "Sad double case of insanity decided this morning—Frank Everson and Mrs. Tonella Payne are legally adjudged lunatics. Though the story of this promising pair is such a sad one, some very amusing facts were developed at the inquest. Our readers doubtless remember that Mr. Everson and Mrs. Payne were desperately in love with each other before marriage. They had a lovers' quarrel and each married the other's rival; but their love was deep and they never recovered from the blow. The testimony brought out the fact that Everson was sometimes violently insane, that on one occasion he seized his mother-in-law and poured a pint of white hot gruel down her, and that he also threatened to kill his wife. In his usual condition he was, however, as torpid as a lizard in the winter time.

"When he and Mrs. Payne were brought at the same time before a group of doctors the moment Everson spied her his lethargy left him. There were two doctors between him and her, but he rushed over them as if they had been dolls, smashing a silk hat. He seized Mrs. Payne in his arms, and the united force of all the doctors in the room could not separate them. When the medical men were satisfied that he did not mean to harm her, but was merely bent on enjoying an old-fashioned hug, they very philosophically resolved to let him work away until he became tired. She seemed to enjoy the operation hugely."

"Stop," said Tonella to me; "I will not hear another word. Glance at the bottom of the column and see what asylum we were sent to."

I gave her the desired information, and we immediately visited this asylum, and were gratified to find that our bodies were as well cared for as could be expected. Then we began our flight through space to the zone of the asteroids. I was delighted to know that our home was to be on one of these charming little planets, for my astronomical teacher had once excited my youthful desire to live on one of them by telling me that the action of gravity was so slight that a boy could jump a hundred feet into the air; and that in playing base-ball the batter

could sometimes knock the ball clear around the planet. Then the catcher merely faced about and waited to catch the ball.

Like a ray of light we passed to the orbits of the asteroids and began to investigate them with reference to a home, just as we would search an earthly city for a fitting house. On some of the planets we saw cities of astral shapes as the Mahatma had said. But we wanted to enjoy a long honeymoon by ourselves, so we picked out a little gem of an uninhabited asteroid with a diameter of only five miles. There we built an astral home and began to drink our fill of love's boundless ether. Since an astral shape requires no food nor dress to meet the changing fashions, nor expensive house with a retinue of servants, we have found that love itself is all-in-all, that it gives us the satisfaction for which we had so long hoped. Should we ever tire of this little planet we shall visit Mars by way of diversion, although it is too early to think of that, for we are not yet through with our honeymoon.

We have caused this story of our love to be precipitated on earth by means of astral power that our friends may understand our strange history and explain our earthly actions.

Reuben Post Halleck.

MOTHER.

THE noblest thoughts my soul can claim,
The holiest words my tongue can frame,
Unworthy are to praise the name
More sacred than all other.
An infant, when her love first came—
A man, I find it just the same ;
Reverently I breathe her name,
The blessed name of mother.

George Griffith Fetter..

COLUMBUS AND THE OCEAN.

TO one who has never been upon the seas the ocean can not be understood. At times like a bewitching widow, moody yet, in every mood, most charming, at other times it becomes the giant of the earth—the great power which knows no equal, and before which the work of man is seen as worthless as a straw in a tornado. The wave is twin brother to the wind, and when the two unite, Castor and Pollux are on the battlefield, fighting even against fate itself. With the billows for their white horses, they come, in foam and frenzy, bringing terror and destruction to the men who meet them. And, in the harbor, the wave meets the boat's prow with a gentle kiss, as if a maiden paced to meet her lover and with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks permitted his caresses. Even there, sometimes, the squall comes, and the capsized boat and the upturned faces of the dead are left to tell the story.

Did you ever see a squall? You are in the edge of the blue water, between it and the harbor. The waves "swish" about the bow of the boat casting spray above your head if you are standing there. The yard-arm creaks and the sail flutters with a varying wind. The pilot looks serious, and the sail is shortened. He keeps close to the wind and steers for shore; close to the wind but never in it, for the wind is fickle. A wave comes to starboard and washes the deck; another comes to larboard and the timbers of the vessel quiver. Quickly the sail is shortened once again, only leaving enough for steerage "way"; nicely is it set at calculated angles, for just then a monster rises from the mighty deep, shaking his terrible mane and chasing the waves that die before his fearful progress. There is a smooth sea, a breathless moment of anticipation; the boat is headed sheer against the billow; if it should strike her on the side no hope is left. One minute in the glassy trough, a second on the crested wave, then down again amongst the dancing waters; good seamanship has saved the lives of all on board.

Thus, almost in the placid bay of Naples, a golden life went out before a sudden squall, when Shelley, with his angel-face, became a morsel for the wind and wave. Through his verses the west wind had sung and the sea had sighed. Yet they took him in their fury and dashed him to his death. Strangled and mangled his pallid corpse was cast upon the shore, as if it were a piece of driftwood. With driftwood which the ocean gave, his body was cremated—his funeral pyre was built from debris

gathered on the sands. A gentle heart was stilled ; a mighty intellect was silenced ; a sweet soul was sent into the great unknown, and the fire, joined to the drift of the sea, consumed his fragile body. Relentless, treacherous, implacable, the ocean claimed its prey and garnered it.

There has always seemed to me a kinship between the ocean and the mountain. Yet it was a kinship of unlikeness. Each is most antithetic to the other. Afar off the mountain rises like a dream exhaled from out the soul of Mother Earth. Tender and soft and subtle, it seems like a cloud, a mist on which the sunlight paints its reminiscences of heaven. Seen far away, it lifts its purple silhouette to the sky so dreamily outlined that you can scarcely tell where one begins to trench upon the other. Is it a floating cloud or solid earth ? You do not know. Range after range rises here and there like sea waves petrified, and matching their deep, dark purple with the lighter azure of the sky. But sombre and forbidding as the mountains look, we do not fear them. We know that in their hearts they hold secluded vales where children play and flowers bloom and crystal springs are ready for the parching lip ; that apple trees give fruitage to the frost, and peaches mellow underneath the summer sun. In gushing brooks, the speckled trout disport ; in shaded rivers lie the lazy salmon till awakened by the angler's hook. All summer long the corn leaves rustle by the river side. Spring comes with dogwood bloom and violets ; autumn brings its chestnuts and its golden rod. The mountains are the home of life of gentleness and joy. A stern race inhabits them but not a hard one. Jealous of their little rights they are chivalric to the stranger. Quick in resentment, slow to forgive, the stranger-guest is safe in person and in property while sleeping on the cabin floor, or by the camp fire on the river bank. Trust yourself to the mountaineer and you are safe ; trust yourself to the ocean, she is always treacherous ; dare her vengeance and death follows.

I have often thought of this likeness, and this difference, when looking from a peak across a waste of mountains. They are arranged like sea waves in a storm, and at a little distance seem the same in height. Some are snow-capped, as the waves are with their plumes of snowy foam. It is easy to imagine a horizon filled with mountains as a moveless ocean waiting for the word of God to start it into action. But there the likeness ends ; the mountains are a harbor of refuge for the oppressed, a haven of safety for the hunted ; the waves are waiting to engulf all human life ; the one is still, sombre, and at the same time hospitable ; the other is shifting, deceptive and bloodthirsty ;

the one gives us the wildflower, the other laughs as it makes shipwreck of our lives and hopes ; the sturdy cedar and the useful pine belong to one ; the floating wreckage and the "derelict," the shark and devilfish are products of the other. Both are beautiful, both are terrible ; but the one smiles with murder in its smile, the other frowns, with love behind its frown ; one is eternal in its steadfastness, the other fickle always.

To us who go to sea now the mission of Columbus seems a trivial one and not of special danger. When men can sail thousands of miles and land at the appointed time upon an island not larger on the world's map than a needle point, it seems a little thing to have been first to find a continent so great as ours. There is upon the high seas a group of islands, three hundred and sixty-five in number—one for each day within a year—which could be placed within an ordinary county of Kentucky or Tennessee, and would be lost in many counties of Kansas or Dakota. Yet vessels go toward them in the night and in the day, and captains say at night "the pilot-boat will meet us in the morning." And when the morning comes the pilot climbs the ladder of the ship and takes the helm to steer her into port.

And yet long after Christopher Columbus passed these islands by—not knowing of them—to find a continent, some Spanish vessels borne by stress of weather and a heavy gale were blown almost upon them, and their chief commander, landing, took possession of them in the name of Spain. Sailing away, he lost them nor could Spain discover them again. Years afterwards an English fleet commanded by the Lord Bermuda, by a like accident, discovered them, and "the Bermudas" are to-day a province of old England. Yet, even now, the boldest mariner would never dare to risk his ship in reaching "Spanish Point" without a skillful native pilot. The channel, too, is marked with buoys and laid down on the charts. Around these islands there are coral reefs with clear blue water over them. The water is not like the dark blue of the sea, but like the light tint of the sky. It is deceptive to the eye. One can look through it to the bottom, and twenty feet and two feet are the same. And suddenly a hill of coral rises nearly to the surface ; not near enough to make a ripple on the wave above, but near enough to pierce the bottom of a ship and send her down with all on board in sight of shore where aid could never reach them. Upon these reefs the sea seems smooth enough so long as there is motion to the ship ; but, let her once be fastened there, and every little wave becomes a breaker. Most frightfully they sweep her deck and pound her on the rocks. No living thing can stand the fury of such onset. On every hand the shores

are lined with wreckage, and from a rowboat you can see down through the translucent water the timbers of great ships lying still and sorrowful upon the bottom, mementos of disaster.

The Spanish ships could find their way into this harbor, though in one place there is an entrance not over fifty feet in width. No sailing ship would dare attempt it now. They call assistance from a tug. They of the olden times must surely have possessed both luck and pluck. But stranger still is the romance of a deserted ship. Starting from Rio with a cargo of Brazilian coffee, her captain and crew abandoned her off the coast of Brazil in open ocean and betook themselves to boats. One boat's crew was picked up by a passing vessel—the captain's boat it was. They reported that the ship had foundered and then was lying at the bottom of the sea. The other boats were never heard of. The shipwrecked men were brought to Baltimore, their point of destination, and reported to her owners. The vessel and her cargo were both heavily insured, and demand was promptly made upon the underwriters. For some cause they became suspicious and refused to pay. Upon which suit was instituted, but delayed from time to time. By curious chance—if it were chance—the vessel sailed into the port of the Bermudas, more than a thousand miles away, and ran the gauntlet of the coral reefs without a man on board. Her cargo of coffee sacks was found to be filled with gravel and saw dust, and there were holes enough bored in her bottom to sink her. These facts being made known to the insurance people, the captain and the escaped members of the crew were all arrested. One turned State's evidence and testified that by orders of the captain they had bored the holes in order to sink the ship and get the insurance on the cargo; then had taken to the boats. One sailor who denounced the scheme was killed and his body thrown over the ship's side. The others murmured but, in mid-ocean, did not dare to mutiny.

The guilty parties broke down and confessed and were sent to State's prison in Maryland. The ship had not yet finished its romantic life. Seized as a derelict, it was condemned in admiralty and sold for salvage. Bought by a shipping merchant, he used it for a lighter, to unload the surplus freight from vessels too deep in water to pass through the channel. Of course he had to keep a guard on board of her day and night. But soon the guards rebelled and left his service, man after man. At last no one could be induced to stay aboard of her at night. They said the spirit of the dead sailor would not leave the ship, and that his ghost had steered her into port to be revenged upon the captain. Superstitious as all sea-faring men are, the story

spread. Strange noises were heard about the hulk at night; strange sights were seen. The owner tried to laugh their fears off but the men were obstinate. They said the ship was doomed, and none would tread her deck when darkness came. Their superstition saved them. One night a tidal wave came rolling in without a note of warning. With anchors wrenched the ship was lifted on its crest, borne past the reefs, and over rocks, and landed, crushed and broken, high and dry upon the hillside, a hundred yards beyond the water line. She lies there now, and by her ghostly looking ribs her owner told her history to me. In a land where firewood is very scarce, and coal almost unknown, her massive timbers lie untouched though unprotected. A curse is on the ship, for people think the murdered sailor still holds lonely vigil round about her rotting timbers.

Such is the sea. The skillful seamanship of modern times, with all the aid that science gives, can not make headway in her waves. Great ships go out with confidence and pride, but never enter harbor. A floating boat, a spar, a plank or two may toss upon the waves—beyond this she, with all the souls on board, has vanished into darkness. In sight of shore, men perish in the rigging, some even clinging to the rocks are beaten by the surf, while those almost in reach of them are powerless to aid. Cruel, relentless, remorseless, the sea claims her destined victims, and the foam on the lips of her billows is flecked with the blood of the slain. Sensuous and languid, she laps the shores of palm-crowned islands in the tropics; like the Valkyria upon the whirlwind she dashes the icebergs from the Arctic zone and crushes ships as a giant might crush a roseleaf in his hand. She kisses shining sands and murmurs love words to the shelly beaches, climbing and embracing them. She roars through caves and casts her foam upon the rocks, hoarse curses sounding in the air. Most terrible and most immense and most sublime, she dominates the earth. It is her slave, and were the mountains at her shore they too would quickly fall.

And yet this ship, with no hand at the helm, came safe to port, with sails all set and holes bored in her bottom. Perhaps had all hands staid aboard and used their best endeavors for her safety she would be to-day beneath the briny waters. But the sea took the vessel in her charge and brought her where it willed. With nothing but the lone ghost to man her rigging, and to hold her steady to the wind, she came to safety. Perhaps the "Ancient Mariner" is not so far-fetched as it seems. Perhaps the sea is more human than we think. We give to the world of waters a sex—perhaps, with good reason since she is so wayward.

This lone ghost on this derelict ship had reason to be melancholy. On the blue ocean there is a sense of loneliness. Men and women who have lived side by side for years, disdaining the existence of each other, gladly come together on the ship. The preacher and the pugilist, the actress and the aristocrat, are bosom friends, before the vessel comes to port. That sense of desolation which the vast ocean gives brings all together in a bond of human sympathy. The black waves are speechless, the bending sky has not a word of hope, and the circling seagulls seem like vultures waiting for an upturned corpse. There are no trees with whispering leaves, no flowers with bloom and balm to gladden one, only the wind sings through the rigging like the Eolian harp of death. Not even a ghost could be content with such surroundings without a band of ghostly comrades by his side.

But Columbus had not even this poor satisfaction. He was commander, it is true, of all three ships. His crews knew nothing of his theories ; himself knew little more. His theories were false, his arguments absurd. He sought the East and found the West. He sailed over the lost Atlantis looking for the East Indies, and believing that there must be land upon the other side of the earth to maintain a balance with the land he knew of. Not altogether satisfied as to whether the world was a pancake or a globe he determined to find out. He believed that he demonstrated the globe theory, but there are men to-day who doubt it ; for the pancake theory has still its staunch adherents. They say there is but one pole to the earth and toward that the needle points. They adduce arguments showing that if the earth were globular the great rivers, such as the Mississippi and Amazon, must run up hill to the sea. The Mississippi river runs south into the gulf. The gulf stream runs north to Iceland and the northern parts of Scotland, meeting at the Hebrides a warm wave from the Pacific. Chilled by the icebergs which had met it, it makes in meeting with this warmer current a most stormy and tempestuous sea. These cranks can not understand how it is that the Mississippi flowing south should join, or form, the gulf stream flowing north, and meet a similar stream from the Pacific flowing south. It seems to them that if the world is round all streams should flow away from the equator, not towards it. Thus they argue to their friends.

Even as they are now, so was Columbus in his day. So lonely, so forsaken, so devoid of moral backing, so destitute of those who thought as he did, it took a man of pluck to undertake his enterprise. It took a man of luck to finish it. With his data, with his crude theories of things, without map or chart,

he ventured on the opposition both of land and sea. He had much to fight on land ; much more to fight at sea. After long years of poverty, of suffering, of explanations which did not explain, this most persistent person put to sea. Dogged, pugnacious, visionary, this dreamer of strange dreams must find a new land or the New Jerusalem. He must succeed or drown—it mattered little which.

So, forth he put willingly, with some gladness in his heart. His little cockle shells were nothing, before the forces of the sea. Man's best creations of to-day are vanity when billows roll. And yet his very ignorance gave heart to nerve him for the undertaking. Knowing so little of the dangers which awaited him he feared them less. The king of cranks he was in his day and generation. He must have been a nuisance to the boards of trade and learned professors where he went for help to carry out his plans. They were content within themselves and cared not for this dreamer. Most happily, the Spanish queen assisted him. As women were, and are, the novelty of what he thought to do attracted her, although she did not understand it.

But with all his trials and his troubles at an end, ashore, with every yearning granted, the real danger to the man began. Out on the desert sea he was indeed alone. No king nor queen, no prince nor potentate, could help him now. Through the solemn silence of this waste of waves he sailed towards the sunset, seeking he knew not what. No man of all his officers or crew knew what he thought to find. League after league they sailed, they knew not whither, nor did he. Strong faith was in his heart, but not faith born of knowledge. Armed with a theory he fronted the unknown. How brave a heart he must have had ! And in those silent nights, when darkness made the sombre deep more sombre ; when he sought the North Star out to trace his course upon an untraced map, there must have come some very solemn visions to him. Success or death all hinged upon the hazard of a theory. In the bitterness of his heart no doubt death seemed a little matter, yet with the great waves around him, and the utter loneliness which comes from lack of sympathy, there must have come a shudder to his soul. Day by day there was the sea's monotony to weary him ; day by day there was the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick. We can but pity him. He knew the sea and all her wanton ways ; he knew his crew—a gang of cut-throats, forefathers for the pirates of the Spanish Main, and progenitors of buccaneers, to whom a man was but a man, and who could cast his body to the waves whenever it should suit them ; yet with disgrace and poverty behind him should he return without discovering land,

with death before him should he go too far and not discover it, he boldly held his course toward the West, calm and serene. The sea, the wild, the terrible and capricious sea, smiled on him and brought berries to him and the driftwood of a foreign land. Like the woman of high breeding she yielded to his boldness and gave herself unto her master. Always, afterward, was she true to him. Fickle as she always was, false to others, his ships rose and fell upon her bosom with most gentle breathings. This man the sea loved and she gave herself to him as bride should give herself to groom.

It is useless to talk about the Vikings and their Vineland. The Norseman may have come to Martha's Vineyard. It was a glorious action on their part, if ever done, but brought no practical results. But they were one—each captain knew his men. Their route was short and even the currents of the sea would carry them. They were not men of theory, but pirates only. They fought for fighting's sake and plowed the sea for plunder. Fearless and brave, their blood has been the manhood of succeeding centuries. But heroes as they were none of them were braver than the man who stood among his motley crew and quelled their mutiny, and kept them sailing, on and on, into the setting sun. He had pluck and he had luck—such luck as comes to the man who knows no fear and shirks no danger.

The sea was very gentle to this man. Perhaps it loved him, who knows? Ah! wayward sea, how like a woman's love you are! Beautiful and iridescent in the sunlight, dark when the cloud comes, foaming in the squall, lapping languidly the harbor piers, breaking in showers of spray upon the rocky shores and whispering softly to the sloping beach. False in all things, fickle in all things, who shall know you? You break the heart of the one man and give another's name into the keeping of the centuries. The mountain moves not, yet you kill and sigh and kill again.

J. Soule Smith.





ON THE WINGS OF SONG.

(A rendition of Heine's *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*.)

ON the wings of song, heart's dearest, where all loveliness
doth bloom,
To the shady groves of Orient where the dusky shadows gloom.

To the banks where in its beauty, as of old, the Ganges rolls,
Bearing mystic waves of rapture to the heart which love unfolds.

Thence I bear thee, where a garden, redly blooming to the moon,
Waits in stillness with the lotus for her sister coming soon.

Where the violet's tender glances meet the trembling stars above,
Where the roses' perfumed leaflets whisper sweet of secret love.

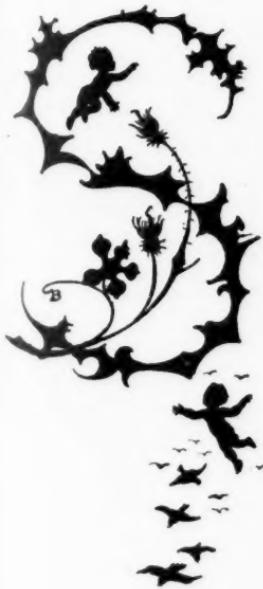
Where in shady nook and covert lurks the gentle, wise gazelle
And within the murmuring distance streams of holy waters well.

There beneath the palm's low branches, drooping o'er the
water's edge,
Dreaming dreams of happy futures, love forever we will pledge.

Mrs. W. W. White.



STUDIO ETCHINGS.



ITTING in an old arm chair, with a cheerful fire sputtering, I lead my vagrant thoughts. Through a window of fantastic shape is sifted the cold and cheerless light of a winter day. The bronze reflections of the fire dance with ghostly mirth around the room—a string on a violin snaps, and I raise my eyes to the charm of the old things discolored on the walls. A gay courtier bows low to a sketch in pink, and a lantern of iron sways to and fro, spreading its soft light over a wall of gray.

A skull, crucifix and a dagger lie jumbled together on a table.

From out of the misty corners charcoal heads, rusty locks, bits of china and old armor peer forth with a dust begrimed visage that call forth reminiscences of love, chivalry and treachery.

I turn my head and rest my eyes on a tapestry, and as I continue to gaze the deadened tints unroll a dreamy study, and

I give up my thoughts to things of the past and stories of love from these walls of relics.

* * * * * *

Hanging in a corner is a souvenir from Madrid, with its pure mountain air and grand span of country, that will suggest the old toper in the wine shop, the castanet players, and the noisy and boisterous delight of the Castilians as they flock to the acala to witness a bull-fight and become intoxicated, so to speak, with the smell of blood, and excited over the skill of the picadores.

The people of Madrid are always ready for amusement, and with the sentiment of appreciation for that particular characteristic, I wandered up a side street from the puerta del sol, to a wine shop and amusement cafe. A long room with a low arched ceiling. A platform at one end, on which a girl in a flashy costume was dancing with castanets. I walked in and seated myself near the foot of the stage and within hearing distance of the guitars and mandolins. No doubt my foreign appearance attracted the attention of the dancer, for she began to

throw her smiles in my direction ; presently I noticed a young Castilian with black eyes and curled mustaches regarding me very closely from under the brim of his broad hat which was perched on one side of his head, and not understanding the import of the same, I studied the situation more closely, and from shy glances and smiles that the fair danseuse cast the youth occasionally it was evident that she was his sweetheart, and that jealousy had aroused this swarthy son of this Southern land.

At the close of the dance he arose and left the hall. Feeling somewhat strange and uneasy in that unwelcome atmosphere of wine drinkers I took my departure. Going out through a side door, I found myself in a garden with an avenue of stately trees leading to the street.



Casually sauntering along I was startled by a violent jerk at my shoulder attended with pain. I started to run and as I passed into the street and under the lights I perceived something shining on my right shoulder, which on closer examination proved to be a stiletto stuck through my coat.

The young rascal,

no doubt crazed with drink and prompted by jealousy, had secreted himself in ambush and attempted to assassinate me, simply for exchanging a smile with his lady love, and that is the dagger I drew from my coat, for I shall always keep it as a memento of a night spent in a wine house in old Madrid.

* * * *

In a side street near the Gothic church of St. Lawrence, in the quaint town of Nuremberg, stood a lofty house, with high-peaked gables. On the door of the garret room was a card, bearing the words—"Andreas Marco, violinist." A tall, well-built man of about fifty years of age, and the first violinist in the principal theater of the city. As he was also the musical director of a small society of Bohemian enthusiasts, I had the



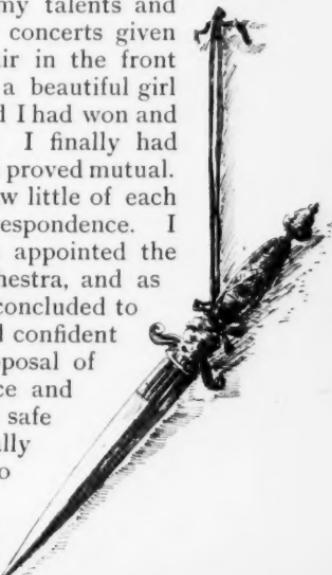
pleasure of meeting him several times, and upon his invitation to call at his den, I went forth in the rain one day and found my dreamy friend comfortably seated in an old Dutch chair of oak, with leather trimmings, but very much worn with constant use. His room rather suggested the abode of a cynic. The ceiling wore a tone of neglect, and an old-time porcelain stove idly peered forth from a corner. In another corner stood a wooden table covered with dishes, an alcohol lamp and some sheet music. The walls, which contained a few photographs and a rosary, were dimly lighted from a small window at one end of the room. We talked of music, art, and the drama until he suggested

making some coffee. Seated at the table with the steam lazily playing on the surface of the brown liquid, he called my attention to the rosary hanging on the wall, and asked me if I cared to listen to a story. Answering in the affirmative, he took a sip of coffee and then began :

"It happened during my younger days while studying music in Leipsic that I was, on account of my talents and proficiency, chosen solo violinist at the concerts given by the Conservatory of Music. A chair in the front row on each occasion was occupied by a beautiful girl whose admiration and applause I noticed I had won and with whom I fell desperately in love. I finally had the pleasure of meeting her and our love proved mutual.

As she resided out of the city we saw little of each other, though we indulged a regular correspondence. I finally graduated with honors and was appointed the musical director of the opera house orchestra, and as it was remunerative enough for two, I concluded to get married, and with a light heart and confident of success I wrote my lady love a proposal of marriage and took it to the postoffice and mailed it myself to be positive of its safe delivery. A week, a month, and finally a year elapsed and I had received no answer.

Her chair at the opera subsequently was vacant, and my despair became un-



bounded, for I wondered what was the cause of her absolute silence. Hadn't she attained her age, or had I been too hasty in declaring my intentions, or possibly I should have called on her personally instead of writing. I was always ready to accept any ray of hope, and tried to recall circumstances previous to writing the letter of proposal, also the contents of the letter, but my efforts were in vain.



At the end of two years I learned that she had entered a convent for life. Time wore on until ten years had graced her silence, when one day I had occasion to search for a manuscript study composed while a student of the conservatory. Turning over the dusty leaves of music searching for the desired copy, lay a letter yellow with age that had never been opened and in her handwriting addressed to me. Anxiously tearing it open I read her acceptance of my proposal and asking me to call to see her at once. I was prostrated with grief, for there it had lain these many years, no doubt carelessly thrown on my table by the servant, who in turn mixed it with my studies which were useless after produced, and relegated to a shelf for future reference. The

thoughtlessness of a servant had wrecked my fondest hopes of life, and under such adverse circumstances that an explanation would be of no avail.

Many years after I visited Vienna, sight-seeing, and chanced into the Votive Church one verdant spring morning, and was standing near the door admiring the stained-glass windows, when I noticed two nuns enter. Being in the main isle I stepped to one side to allow them to pass, when one looked up to silently nod her thanks. My God ! It was my Marie, my betrothed, who had locked her true feelings under her habit of

black and given up her life to the faith of a good cause. Would I tell her all? How her letter was mislaid, and how my love for her had never died? No, I could not, it would avail no good. They knelt in prayer and when they arose I perceived a black object lying on the floor. I advanced to more closely examine it, when lo and behold it was my Marie's rosary. Did she drop it for me, or was it an accident? And, as the last sad strains of the organ melted away, the little voice of a human heart uttered : " Sister Patricia, sister of charity, " Andreas Marco, violinist."

Carolus Brenner.





WHAT the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina has become a historical fossil. Like a trilobite it is reminiscent of the times that were. But in these new days the fossils are revivified. New life comes to them with the new thought of the nineteenth century. Yet it is only the old thought over again. "There is nothing new under the sun," said Solomon, who was thought to be very wise in his day and generation. Said the Hindoo poet whom I am trying humbly, but faithfully, to follow:

"What was the old is now the new,
What was the false is now the true."

And with something of the same spirit did Hafiz, the Persian poet, from his rose gardens indite :

"There are words to be thought, and not spoken,
There are vows to be made and not broken."

So the governor of South Carolina finds himself confronting a new condition of things, and no doubt he thinks oftentimes of what the North Carolina governor said, though he dare not speak it.

To be serious, South Carolina has gone into the liquor business. The State purposes to sell all the liquor used by its people, and the governor is its purchasing agent. Subject to a sort of modified local option law there is to be a State dispensary in each county—a monopoly as it were—where one must go to get his dram. It is paternal government with all the name implies. They have something like it in some parts of Georgia, where the town marshal looks at your tongue and prescribes a quart of whisky for your ailment. Sometimes he feels your pulse and concludes—especially if he knows that you are to have company that night—that it will take about a gallon to sustain

vitality until next morning. Town marshals are notoriously good judges of a man's physical condition, and they never fail to prescribe properly.

But how about the druggist who fills the prescription? and how about the principle of these laws? We want to know if the liquor is good, and we want to know if the law is good.

"Apothecary, give me of your drugs
What is most potent, when the senses fail,
To raise the drooping spirits of the man
And make him know his kinship to the gods."

And then again it is written, not without some significance:

"If law is to the lower lands,
Why not unto the high?
Give freedom into humble hands,
They lift her to the sky."

In other words, shall men of influence be permitted to paint their noses with impunity—and whisky—while common people must buy their coloring matter from the paintshop. It is easy to see what all this moral reform means. It means simply that the poor man—the man of no influence—is to be debarred his drink. This may be better for the poor man, who ought to spend his earnings for his family instead of spending it for liquor. But hasn't he the same right to get drunk that the rich man has? If it is a right at all, has not one of our citizens the same privilege as another? If not, why not?

The reason why is plain. There is no use mincing matters. The governor has the right to appoint in every county a man who has the monopoly of selling liquor in that county. It will pay better than to be United States Senator. It will give to the executive a power which no constitution ever contemplated, and when he seeks a re-election he will have in every county a man ready to do his bidding and willing to spend his money for the good cause.

The selling of liquor is either right or wrong. If it be wrong it should be prohibited entirely. If it be right, every man should have the same right to sell if he comply with proper police restrictions. It is contrary to the spirit of our institutions to say that the governor or the President shall be allowed to make a barkeeper of John, while Tom and Dick and Harry are debarred from that business. If saloon-keeping is legitimate at all, it stands on the same footing as a drug store or a dry goods store. Suppose the governor were empowered to appoint one man in each county to sell drugs and dry goods, and were made purchasing agent for each of them, what a cry

would go up ! Men would say what does the governor know about drugs or dry goods ? And possibly the governor would know little or nothing about calomel or calico . The price of flannels might puzzle him, and he might be mystified over the new coming crinoline . There are many things that even governors do not know .

The present governor of South Carolina has exhibited that fact by assuming the favorite attitude of the ostrich when pursued . He has gone with much flourish of trumpets to Cincinnati and Peoria and St. Louis to make contracts for his whisky . Perhaps it did not occur to him that not one drop of whisky is made in or about these places . They make spirits, which by the addition of a few drugs may become peach or apple brandy , French brandy , rye or Bourbon whisky as the buyer wishes . If he would see the governor of North Carolina he might find some apple brandy , and the governor of Tennessee might give him some points on peach and honey . The governor of Pennsylvania could tell him all about rye whisky , and anybody in Kentucky could steer him against old Bourbon .

There is to-day, possibly, not a drop of pure whisky in the State of South Carolina . The writer—with some experience in tasting—has never been able to find a drop in any part of the South . If the State has determined to be bar-keeper for its people, it should at least furnish them with something which is not absolutely poisonous . The purchasing agent should interview the governor of North Carolina at once, and show him some samples . There is sold in many places of the South, at high prices, liquor just such as in Northern villages is sold from barrel houses at five cents for a goblet full . That is the kind of stuff the governor of South Carolina is contracting for .

What a sham and a fraud all this is . The people will drink ; no laws ever made will prevent it . Competition does, to a certain extent, insure the purity of their liquor . But either prohibition or monopoly allows the worst and cheapest goods to be put off upon the masses . Even pure liquor indulged in to excess will ruin the man who drinks it . It should not be used at all except as a medicine . But the villainous compounds which are palmed off on the unsophisticated are really poison . And the governor of South Carolina ought to know that, if he must execute a bad law he need not execute his people also .

THREE has been somewhat of a howl raised in Vienna over the appointment by Mr. Cleveland of one Max Judd as consul there, which howl goes to show conclusively that the

wolves have not yet been exterminated in Austria. There is no claim that Mr. Judd is a fool or a knave; no assertion that he is not a gentlemen, or that he is incompetent—it is merely complained that he is a Jew. He is a Jew, an orthodox Jew we hope.

A Jew is not so dangerous as dynamite. Mr. Cleveland chose a Jew as member of his Cabinet when President before England, proud as she is, did not disdain to put her reins of government into Jewish hands, and the great Premier D'Israeli never brought a thought of shame into her heart. The ministers of Austria bowed before his wisdom and yielded to his diplomacy. The despised Jew easily out-classed their princelings and their dukes. Nor was Mr. Vilas an ignoble factor in our politics. His station was a lofty one but he never fell below it. Not self assertive in the least, he was the peer of any man of any land among the ministers at Washington. He was a Jew. Austria would hardly grumble if he were sent as minister to Vienna, but would welcome him. Nor would she hesitate to borrow millions from the Rothschilds. They are Jews.

It comes then with a bad grace that she shall murmur at Max Judd. To be a consul does not confer the social rights that come to an ambassador. His duties are purely mercantile, and surely it should not hurt an Austrian to pay fees to a Jew, when he is oftentimes most anxious to borrow money from a Jew. The Viennese need not ask him to their houses. Possibly if they did he might not come, for Jews are very clannish people, and those of them who are well to do lead a home life. They have in their houses all that wealth can buy to make them comfortable. They stay at home, and care very little for any company outside of their immediate friends and relatives. It is hardly possible that any social ostracism in Austria would interfere at all with the peace of mind, or happiness, of Mr. Max Judd. Yet the Austrians have the right to try it.

But Mr. Max Judd is an American citizen. American citizens are of many races, some of them, indeed, being Austrians. If another nation should object to one of our consuls because he was an Austrian, that country would consider it an outrage. Wherein then is there right for murmuring or protest? Is an Austrian any better than a Jew? If so, in what? In pedigree? The Jew might say to the Austrian, "My ancestors worshiped in a marble temple when yours were eating acorns with the wild pigs of the forest." In learning? The Jew might laugh, while he turned back the pages of the centuries all luminous with Jewish names and ending at the Bible. In morality? The Jewish race has its black sheep, and they are apt to be worse

than the black sheep of any other flock, but the prison records will show that they are very few in number. The Jew is true to the Government he lives under, and supports his family; is, in the main, quiet, peacable, and orderly—certainly as much so as the Austrian.

And as Mr. Max Judd is an American citizen, is it not an impertinence for the people of Austria to murmur at his appointment? He is sent to Vienna simply as the agent of his Government to transact its business. Even if he were an immoral man, or had an unsavory record, it would not concern the people of Vienna. His receipt for moneys paid would be good, and if he should be guilty of false charges he would promptly be removed on complaint. It is the business of our Government to select its own agent, and the right of no one else to question its selection without cause. A man's religion, birth, or breeding, has nothing to do with the matter; only the man chosen must conduct himself properly while in office. He must engage in no plots against the country he is sent to, foment no troubles there, shelter no traitors, and be honest in his dealings. While he does this he may be Jew or Gentile, it matters not.

As consul a Jew ought to be peculiarly a success. As a rule Jews are careful in business matters and accurate in keeping accounts. They are observant of their surroundings, and quick to see where the advantage of trade lies. A consul is expected to inform his Government of all such matters as might be of benefit in making treaties, and a Jew would be most apt to know all the points desired. Nor would a Jew be apt to meddle with sedition of any sort—it is not his nature. A man of peace, devoted to business, he disturbs no one, only asking to be let alone. That Mr. Max Judd is a proper man for the place we do not doubt. And in civilized countries the days of Jew baiting are over. Austria may civilize herself or not just as she wills. In the meantime it might not be amiss to remind her that there was one Martin Kosta who was delivered upon the deck of an American frigate on demand, which demand was emphasized by the mouths of cannon pointed at an Austrian town. Our Uncle Sam has grown much larger since then, and Austria has lost some territory.

BUT if Jew baiting in Austria and Russia is reprehensible, what shall we say of the crusade against Catholics in the United States? Austria and Russia really have no idea of free government. The only recourse of their people when oppressed is the dynamite or the dagger. In this country we have the

newspaper and the ballot. And behind the newspaper and the ballot there is a grim, though silent, multitude who have good red blood in their veins which says that the rights of every man shall be protected, at the polling place and at the altar. It is not blue blood claiming descent from gouty earls, or wanton duchesses ; it is the red blood of the people—the blacksmith, the farmer, the tradesman, and, best of all, the pioneer.

The Puritan came to inhospitable shores in order that he might worship God according to his own conscience, and unfortunately added an appendix saying that nobody else should do the same. Baptists and Quakers, next to Indians, were his abomination. If a Jew or Catholic had come to Salem he would have been arrested and hanged in short order on Gallows Hill alongside of a witch. So the Catholics went to Maryland, and the Jews went to Philadelphia where they knew the Quakers would not persecute them. The Baptists went to Rhode Island along with Roger Williams, and the Puritans were left to hang each other since they had no one else to hang. They did so, with alacrity, but the seed has not run out unto this day.

It was a very virile stock this Puritan blood breded, but it lacked tenderness. It was a good stock to graft upon, just as we know that the wild orange or wild apple when grafted with something sweeter but less hardy yields the best results. But it is sour and bitter when left alone. It lacks sweetness though it has strength. It is strong, but it is unreasonable and obstinate and narrow minded.

That a Catholic should be an American, or an American a Catholic is not strange. One of the signers to our Declaration of Independence was a pronounced Catholic. Possibly more of them were. In the late war there were nearly as many Irishmen in the Union armies as there were Confederates in the field. At least a third of them were Catholics. And there were French Catholics and Italian Catholics and Spanish Catholics also in the army, and fighting for the Stars and Stripes.

These men could be trusted with guns in their hands then—is it unsafe to trust them now? It does not seem to us that they are dangerous. A Catholic is not of necessity a hyena or a tiger, and the "old priest" does not broil Protestant children for his breakfast. Nor are the Jesuits liable to corrupt our politics, or the nuns scheming to blow us up with dynamite.

But the anti-Catholic spirit will not down, and the "old priest" must be made a bugaboo for children to shudder at. The American Protective Association has taken the place of the old Know Nothings. It has declared a boycott on the Catholics. Its members will not buy from any Catholic, or give him any

business whereby he can profit. They must also urge their friends to discontinue dealing with a Catholic. As Christian people it becomes their duty to starve a Catholic to death in order that some other person may be saved as they desire.

And these people get sick in a strange land, or are mangled by a railroad train, and awake to consciousness to find the sweet face of a Sister of Charity bending over them and the gentle touch of her hand taking half their pain away. In Catholic hospitals they are nursed and tended, as the Jew was by the man from Samaria, and yet think Catholics dangerous!

The writer of this is not a member of the Roman Catholic church, but he is an American citizen who is not afraid of the Pope, of Monseigneur Satolli or all the cardinals, archbishops, bishops and priests of that church. He would not even betake himself to the woods if he were about to meet a Jesuit or a nun. He would even meet the fool-killer and stay long enough to tell him that he was remiss in his duty. The fool-killer might slay him on general principles, but never on the ground of religious intolerance.

The members of the A. P. A., as they call themselves, need the fool-killer badly. They have made a false alarm for their own profit. In one town in Michigan they have assumed that the Catholics were about to massacre the Protestants. Therefore they ordered some eight hundred or a thousand guns with which the Protestants could protect themselves. Somebody got a commission on the purchase of those guns. It was from the beginning a piece of nonsense, combined with knavery. A gold brick swindle by the side of it would seem as harmless as a Sunday-school address.

They went further than this. At a meeting of their society they appointed a committee of ministers to examine the Catholic churches and see if arms were not stored in their basements for the assassination of Protestants. The priests received them courteously and gave them every facility for examination. They found no arms, of course, and departed knowing that no arms were there. One would suppose that these ministers would have announced the fact that they had found no evidence of a Catholic insurrection from their pulpits. They had declaimed against the Catholics before, and charged them with this crime. But not a word had they to say when the crime was not proven. Had they found the guns there would have been a crusade.

We have no State religion. One church, in the eyes of the law, is as good as another. The Catholic has as good right to his religion as anybody else. But had two Catholic priests demanded to search the basements of the Protestant churches

of their town for firearms no law could have protected them. A mob would have settled their rights without judge or jury. No Protestant minister would have permitted such a search. Yet they say the Catholics are dangerous.

There is no need in this country for a secret, oath-bound American Protective Association. Americans will protect themselves; and to swear not to vote for a Catholic nor trade with a Catholic is the sheerest nonsense. It is un-American and wrong.

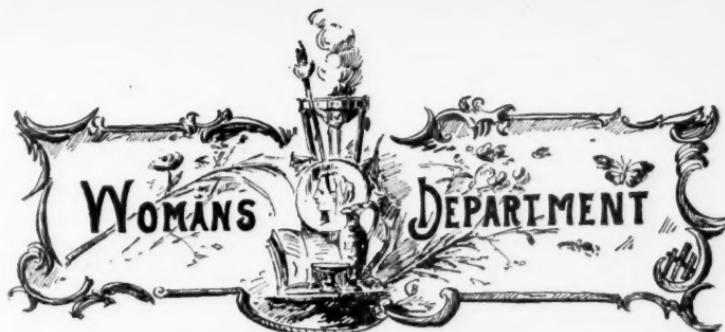
A NOTHER religious "fad" which is more whimsical than important is the Sunday closing of the World's Fair at Chicago. Thirty years ago Sunday was a day of dread and gloom to even the small boy. He had to go to Sunday-school and church in the morning and read his Bible all the afternoon. He was even forbidden to whistle, for it was a deadly sin. A woman would lose social caste by playing the piano on that day. In some parts of the South it was even doubted whether the slaves should be made to harness the horses to their master's carriage to convey him elsewhere than to church. Wood was prepared to last till Monday and most of the cooking done on Saturday.

But that was thirty years ago. The mind of man has broadened and deepened since then. We no longer believe in the maxim, so prevalent then, that "Hell is full of fiddlers." A man may now play the violin without losing his position as a gentleman. Ladies play the piano on Sunday, and are still considered ladies. And the small boy after church goes into the back lot to pitch his ball, or roams the woods for birds' nests. Times have changed, indeed, and we have changed greatly with them. Then why should this ghost of departed folly haunt us? Let the gates be opened and a half-price ticket of admission sold. No one need go who does not wish to go. No one need keep open his exhibit whose conscience is severer than his pocket-book is anxious. Give the poor a chance, and make their access easy. It is claimed that these expositions are great schools of international learning. Why not make this a Sunday-school also? It is better that the laboring man should spend his fifty cents for seeing the results in workmanship from other countries than that he should spend it for beer. His time would be better spent there than in the bar-room or the concert garden. If he should lose a day of the six he would lose one day's wages besides the money he bought his tickets with. God knows his lot is hard enough at best, why make it harder?

SQUIRE" ABINGDON is dead. A sad death it was, too, in a strange land with no friends about him, and no woman's hand to smooth his pillow for him. The leeches who had fattened on him saw that the end was near and fled with such booty as they had in hand. In life they fawned upon him, in his dying hours they deserted him. Such men are almost sure to do such things. He chose his company and could expect no other treatment of them. "The Squire" had money, carefully accumulated by his prudent ancestors, and was what is known among the pugilists and such like people as "a dead game sport." That is, he threw his money to the dogs and bet it freely on the fighters. His income was several thousand dollars a day, and he tried to spend it, day by day, in some unworthy cause. He beat and kicked "The Jersey Lily," and gave his check for fifty thousand pounds in payment of it. He suspected her—presumably with ample cause—of infidelity to him. Since then he and she went different ways, both downward as before. This made him famous at the time, but, since then, he was forgotten till with Charley Mitchell, the prize fighter, he came upon our shores a short while ago. His stay was short and ended in his death.

So unto him the end has come, as it will come to Mrs. Langtry, soon or late. How she will die, and when and where, of course no one can tell. Hogarth's series of pictures will no doubt show her progress to the morgue and potter's field. She was once the leader of "the Prince of Wales set," many females of which have married, and, we trust, lead respectable lives afterward. She was married before she became a member of it, and has not yet secured a divorce, her husband thinking the marriage ties greatest punishment for her waywardness. She is rich now, but her beauty has faded and her popularity has waned. Soon she will not be heard of except in the dance halls and variety shows. Then she will not be heard of at all until some morning the public learns that she has gone to join "Squire" Abingdon.





THE WOMEN OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

A LIFE without a history is usually a happy life. Take one that sounds uneventful in the telling, with no marked events to attract attention, and it is generally true that this one has had more of sunshine than shade. This can be said of the life history of Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the Board of Lady Managers of the Columbian Exposition. She was born in Kentucky, renowned throughout the State as a most accomplished and beautiful girl, and was married when quite young to Mr. Potter Palmer, of Chicago. Since then she has led the care free, luxurious life of a woman of wealth, and an acknowledged social leader.

When it was announced that she had been chosen as president of the Board of Managers there was some doubt expressed as to the wisdom shown in making such a selection. But after events have fully justified this choice. Mrs. Palmer has shown a wonderful amount of administrative skill and executive ability, of power for harmonizing discordant elements, and at the same time retaining her serenity under the most trying circumstances, combined with a pluck and perseverance wholly American. It has long been a favorite legend to the effect that it is only the women of the Eastern States who have the energy and the ability to accomplish. But Mrs. Palmer is an admirable refutation of this charge, she being a Southern woman born and bred.

During the last few months her labors have been immense. She has made several trips to Europe in the interest of her work, interviewed and interested royalty and notable personages in the Woman's Exhibit, besides planning and directing tasks in Chicago that have been herculean in dimensions. All this strain has been borne by her without loss of strength or beauty. This is additional proof of a fact that people have been slow to learn, viz : that a woman has much more endur-



MRS. POTTER PALMER

ance than a man and can pass unscathed through mental and physical ordeals that would exhaust her husband or brother.

But what has been said of Mrs. Palmer is not true of her alone. Thousands of women throughout the country have done the same thing in different ways. Every State in the Union appointed two women as auxiliaries of the World's Fair State Committee, and every foreign country with the exception of Turkey had an official committee appointed by the government.

Princess Christian is president of the English Board, with Queen Victoria patroness. Madame Carnot is head of the committee in France, Queen Margherita for Italy, Empress Frederick in Germany, the Empress of Russia in her country, and the Empress of Japan at her home. These appointments insure a legitimate exhibition of women's work at the Exposition, and the juries which award prizes on these exhibits are also composed of women.

Now and then a difference of opinion has arisen among the members of some committees. If this had not been the case the women would not have been human. But from the amount of attention called to these differences an innocent observer of events might suppose that men, under similar circumstances, would never have had a shadow of a disagreement. Whereas, most people will remember hearing that men, even men, sometimes quarrel. George Eliot's remark holds true in this case as in most others :

"God did not make women angels, for he made them to live with men."

When it was first proposed to make an exhibit of women's work at the Exposition there was a feeling of dissatisfaction even among those most deeply interested in what women were doing. One need not have lived very many years to remember the collection of monstrosities labeled "women's work" at county fairs. The startling things in hair-work, in wax flowers, in worsted work, "red with the blood of wasted time." The display of patch quilts and dreadful crayon or india ink sketches and all those things that went to make up a regular chamber of horrors, that was dubbed the woman's department. A vague, uneasy, fearful looking forward to an improved, sublimated, refined place of this sort was felt by many ; but their fears were quite groundless.

To begin with, there was a serious purpose underlying the

proposed exhibition of women's work. It was determined to present a complete showing of the condition of women in every country, and especially of the "bread-winners."

It was proposed to ascertain whether women are paid as much for doing the same kind of work as men are. Whether they are allowed to enter the same educational institutions and obtain equal graduating honors. In obtaining these facts and in gathering the statistics of the industrial condition of women throughout the world, much care has been taken to procure accurate figures.

Some of the objections raised to all this agitation concerning women are rather humorous. A few weeks ago the editor of a religious journal wrote a hysterical gasp that he called an editorial that can be summed up in one utterance, viz :

"If things keep on like this, women can take care of themselves and will not want to marry."

Possibly, the number of marriages have lessened because so many women have learned to support themselves. The time has passed when a girl was obliged to take a suitor with a "thank you kindly" feeling, lest she might be an old maid. If a woman is self-supporting, she will naturally give herself some liberty of choice in the matter of selecting the man with whom she is to live.

The men themselves should be the last to quarrel with this fact. A man ought to be glad to believe he was preferred personally rather than chosen as an alternative to starvation or dependence.

One of the most interesting features of the Exposition will be the bringing together of the best women amateur musicians in the country and holding a series of conventions. Mrs. Theodore Thomas, in junction with the Bureau of Music of the Fair, has arranged a plan of this sort.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Thomas is a sister of that most charming writer and musician, Miss Amy Fay, who was so long a favorite pupil of Liszt, and whose book was such a delight to music lovers.

These conventions will be six in number, and are to be held in the Woman's Building. A number of papers will be carefully prepared and read, of interest to amateur musicians. The Amateur Musical Club of Chicago will entertain the visitors and in every way possible contribute toward their pleasure.

Mrs. Thomas has very fully presented her plan to the Executive Board. Each convention will last four days, and the hours of

the sessions will be so arranged that the visiting clubs will not be prevented from seeing other features of the Fair, as well as to hear the choral and orchestral concerts that are to be given under the auspices of the Bureau of Music.

The president of every good musical club, and as many of the working members as possible, are invited to attend as well as the regularly appointed delegates.

The presiding officer of each club will be expected to read a paper giving the objects, the methods of work, and the character of her work, and the best executants of the club will be required to afterward perform a short programme.

To those clubs whose work comes up to a high standard, diplomas will be awarded.

Those who are in sympathy with this movement believe that these conventions will be productive of much benefit and will conduce to the growth of musical culture throughout the country.

In regard to the different exhibits in the Woman's Building, it will be a question of paying your money and taking your choice.

The British Women's Exhibit is one of, if not the largest, foreign exhibit in the Woman's Building.

The Countess of Aberdeen's Harris tweeds have been very interesting to the on-looker because they are said to be the only tweeds made exclusively by women. The Shetland wool exhibit was made up of stockings and woven garments all manufactured by women.

The most important section of this exhibit was classified under the general name of handicrafts. There is a carved chair the work of the Princess of Wales, and two music-stools carved by the Princesses Victoria and Maud, the seats being of leather also carved by these ladies.

A very noticeable piece of work in this exhibit was a pair of brown leather boots made by the Hon. Sybil Amherst.

The Scottish women have a very creditable exhibit of woolen goods.

The fine arts section of the German Women's Department makes a very good showing of pictures done by women as well as a collection of books written by them.

Mrs. Palmer has obtained permission of Secretary Noble to bring to the Exposition some Indian children from the school in New Mexico in order to show the method of instruction in vogue. This school was founded and endowed by Helen Hunt

Jackson and is thought to be the best of its kind. These pupils are to be supported and cared for by the women of the board and to be kept in Chicago during the Exposition.

A most memorable gathering will be that of *The World's Congress Auxiliary of The World's Columbian Exposition*. The woman's branch of this auxiliary has for its president Mrs. Potter Palmer, with Mrs. Charles Henrotin vice-president. The Committee of Arrangements has for its chairman Mrs. May Wright Sewall. The other members are: Rachel Foster Avery, Dr. Sarah Hacket Stevenson, Frances E. Willard, Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, Mrs. William Thayer Brown and Mrs. John C. Coonly. The plan of this auxiliary is to discuss various topics, not in a general way, but the relation of the women of the world to these subjects. The topics will be Education, Industry, Art and Literature, Philanthropy and Charity, Moral and Social Reform, Religion, Civil Law and Government.

This convention will begin May 15th and last six days. Representative women from nearly all countries will read papers before the convention on topics congenial to them. Even the stage is not left out, since Clara Morris will be present to read a paper on the Drama.

A very clever French woman said to the writer the other day: "You American women do not appreciate your privileges. America is a century ahead of Germany in matters pertaining to women."

At nearly the same time an Italian woman of American parentage said: "You American women boast ridiculously of your privileges! Why, your rights to property are not nearly so well protected as ours are in Italy."

Judging from the two above statements, things are very well with the women of the United States—but they might be better.

After all the talking that will be done by the different women gathered together in Chicago from all parts of the world, the comparing of notes and the discussion of methods, much should be accomplished in the moulding of thought that must necessarily show out in *bona fide* practical results.

Angele Crippen.



THE FLY KIND.

"I'm on to you," said the fly to the bald-headed man.

A SOFT SNAP.

"A dead open and shut," said the alligator, as he closed his mouth down on the dog.

A LITTLE FISHY.

"A bit in oil," remarked the painter when he ate the sardines at the picnic.

"THE QUICK OR THE DEAD."

"Oh ! for the wings of a dove," sang the serenader, as the bull dog came around the side of the house.

GROWING WARY.

MISS OLDSH.—Mr. Fontaine, why is it that men do not express their love as they formerly did ?

MR. FONTAINE.—I suppose they have found that it is expensive to express their love, nowadays ; it is usually freighted "with care."

INNOCENTLY REMARKED.

"Great Christopher Columbus !" enthusiastically exclaimed the Western girl when she came in sight of the World's Fair buildings at Chicago.

GUARDING THE REPUTATION OF THE ABSENT.

HOWARD.—The other night Fleming said you were one of the biggest liars in town. You were not present and Allison took it up.

FERGUSON.—I'm glad he did; Allison is a good friend of mine.

HOWARD.—Yes, he took it up where Fleming left off and said you were the biggest liar in town.

A MAN OF HIGH DESCENT.

The thief who comes down through the trap door in the roof is a high-way robber.

WHAT IS A MAN TO DO WHO IS COLOR BLIND?

Applicants for the office of Surveyor of the Port should bear in mind the scriptural adage, "Look not upon the wine when it is red."

THERE ARE NO JOKES LIKE THE OLD JOKES.

MR. HOUSEKEEPER.—I see they are putting a new sort of clothes line on the market that is very popular with the ladies.

MRS. HOUSEKEEPER.—What kind of a line is it, dear?

MR. HOUSEKEEPER (who is a very bright man).—Crino-line.

ACCORDING TO HOYLE.

HOYLE.—Did I ever tell you how I got euchered out of five dollars?

FABER.—No. How did it happen?

HOYLE.—You see Tarpley asked me to lend him five dollars. I went a loan and he beat me.

BEGUN TO SHOW ON HER.

MISS LOVELY.—What makes that Stivers girl such a fright?

MISS SNAPPISH.—That is easily accounted for, she is scared. She is twenty-nine years old and has never had an offer.

George Griffith Fetter.

BOOK REVIEWS,

Among the book critics of late, there seems to be more than the usual hopelessness concerning the great American Novel. There is a tendency to give up looking for it, and a settling down to a belief that no literary man of any magnitude is to appear on the horizon. Some of the reasons assigned bring to mind the old story of the brass kettle that was lent by one neighbor to another, and, it was claimed, returned with a hole in the bottom of it. A suit for damages was instituted and the lawyer for the defendant made the following plea:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I have just three statements to make to you. First, when my client borrowed that kettle the hole was *there* in it.

"Second, when she returned the kettle to the owner, the vessel was perfectly sound, there being no hole whatever.

"Third, she never borrowed the kettle at all. Never had it in her possession."

The critics who charge American writers with not having written anything worth while have the same cogent way of reasoning. They say:

First—The reading public has not demanded the best work from the great American writers, having preferred a lighter sort of literature.

Second—The great American writers have been congenitally employed in writing the brilliant short stories that have altogether taken the place of the novel.

Third—There are no great American writers.

Meanwhile, the public goes on reading what is set before it, sometimes grumbling at the fare, but usually meekly accepting it without protest. In some quarters there is a disposition to make a *plea for the cheerful*. Why is it, that in order to be artistic, to preserve the unities, and all that sort of thing, that our notable stories must be so sombre?

Take that wonderful story of "Tess" of Hardy's for instance; it is enough to sadden the reader for weeks. The memory of it hangs over the mind like a black pall. And Marten Marten's "God's Fool" comes in the same category. If only the great writers would take their material and shape it differently, so that in the natural course of events happiness might result from certain combinations, it would be a boon to the reader, particularly if he is a little sad, harassed or worn by the inevitable annoyances of existence. There are plenty of happy things in life that might be written of, as well as the miserable ones. There is sunshine as well as storm, flowers as well as thorns. Life's music is not all written in a minor key; there is the sound of children's laughter as well as the sobs of broken hearts, and it is much more "heartsome," music to which to listen. This is the reason that books written in lighter vein have been sought by readers, even those of most fastidious taste.

Charles Scribner's Sons have lately issued the stories of Octave Thanet in book form, those sketches, that is, that have appeared under the name of "STORIES OF A WESTERN TOWN." These stories have a sort of connecting link in Harry Lossing, who gives a name to one of the stories.

Lee & Shepard of Boston send two new novels of their *Good Company Series*. One of these is "SIMPLICITY AND FASCINATION," by Anne Beale. The title of the story is derived from the character of the two sisters, the eldest of whom has great simplicity and directness while the other has great charm of person and manner. The book is beautiful in tone.

"LOST IN A GREAT CITY," by Amanda Douglas, is another of this same series. The books are well printed in large clear type and make a very pleasant addition to light fiction.

A. C.

FETTER'S ADVERTISER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A PRECARIOUS EXISTENCE.—He.—No, the boss doesn't pay me more than I'm worth. She.—How in the world do you manage to live on it?—*Life*.

The publishers take especial pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement of the "Chicago Cottage Organ Company," and we cheerfully recommend the proprietors of this establishment for fair dealing with their customers.

A SMALL MATTER.—Guest (complainingly)—This bill of fare is all in French. Waiter (reassuringly)—Niver you moind that, sur; the cook is Oirish.—*Demorest's Magazine*.

World's Fair visitors before leaving their homes are urged to write Mrs. S. B. Roter of "The Rainier," whose advertisement appears elsewhere. We bespeak for her guests cordial treatment.

HOW A COLD AFFECTED HIM.—A little boy caught a very severe cold while his mamma was out of the city, and on her return rushed up to her, and, throwing his arms around her, cried: "Oh, mamma, both of my eyes is rainin' and one of my noses won't go."—*Demorest's Magazine*.

"THE LEADER" as its name implies is the *leader* of prices and the best assortment of goods to be found in Chicago. By writing you will receive a handsome spring catalogue free.

VERY LIKELY.—"The inventor of the alphabet must have been a modest man," said Hawkins. "Why so?" asked Mawson. "Because he began it with A," said Hawkins. "Most men would have begun it with I."—*Harper's Bazar*.

SEASHOLS & CO. are noted throughout Kentucky as the only direct importers of high novelties, and all other goods of a superior quality. Their dress making department is under the supervision of Madame Mulvany and they invite correspondence.

THE CAUSE OF IT.—"You've got an awful big mouth, Molly," said Harold. "Yes," said Molly. "I'm stretching it all the time smiling at you."—*Harper's Bazar*.

NOT ALWAYS THAT FRANK.—"On what ground do you ask for a new trial?" said the judge to the defendant's lawyer. "Because the verdict doesn't suit us, your honor," was the frank reply.—*Brooklyn Life*.

A GREAT INVESTMENT—Miss Wouldbee—It seems to me all you typewriter men charge awful prices for your machines. Dealer—There is more in one of those machines than you imagine. We sold one a week ago to a girl not half as pretty as you, and she's got on a diamond ring now.—*Judge*.

KODAKS are not now regarded as toys. They have become a necessity. T. R. Crump, 363 West Jefferson street, Louisville, Kentucky, keeps them and all photographic supplies, his depot being one of the largest in the country. A catalogue and primers will be sent for the asking.

THE CINCINNATI CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC offers special advantages toward a higher musical education, its equipment being thorough and complete in every department and is recognized as one of the leading institutions of the country. The conservatory extends to young ladies from a distance a home in the building under the immediate care of the directress, Miss Clara Baur. Catalogue will be sent free.

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